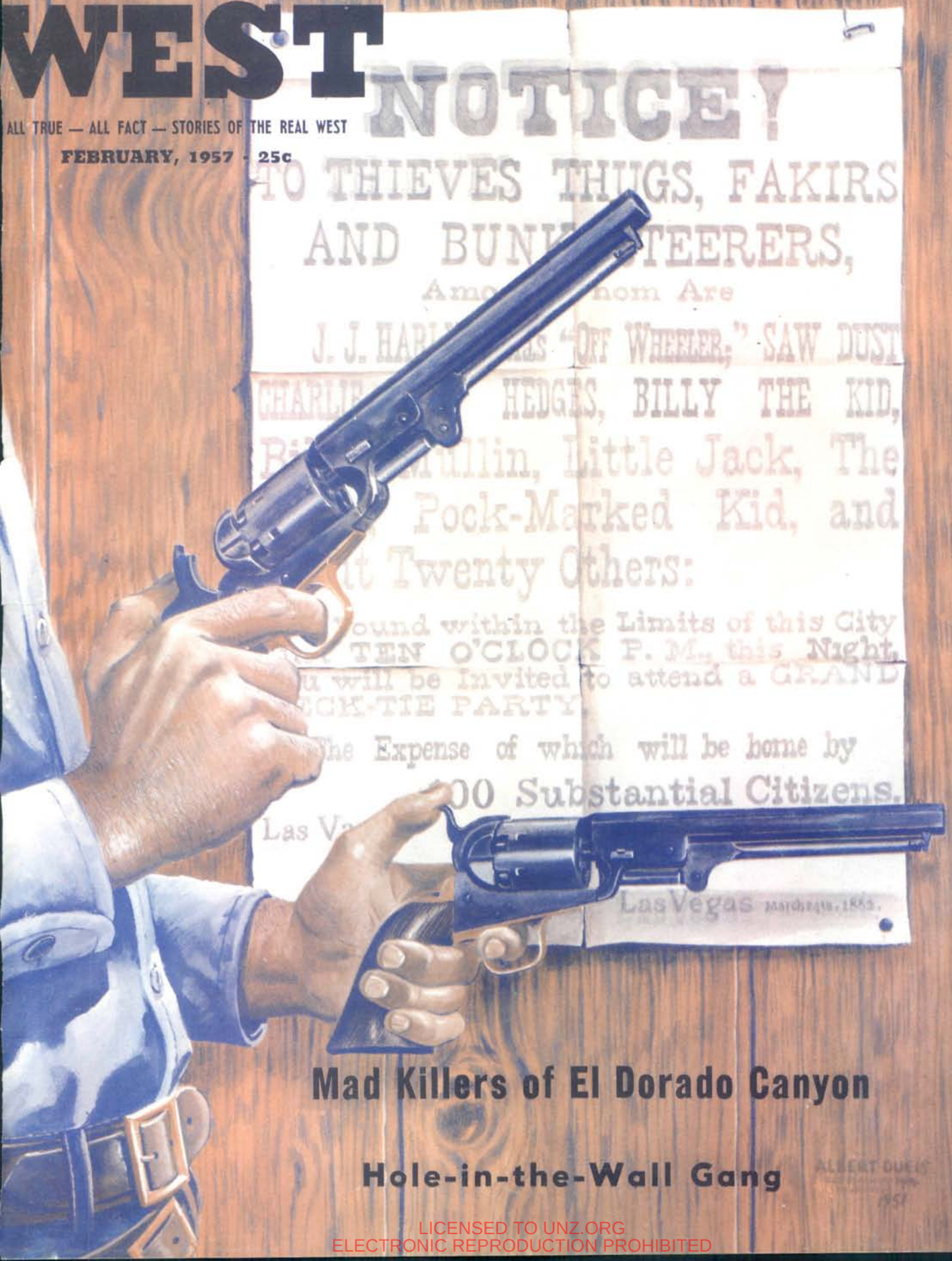
TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

FEBRUARY, 1957 · 25c

No God West of Fort Smith

Amazing Saga of Isaac Parker, "The Hanging Judge"



Mad Killers of El Dorado Canyon

Hole-in-the-Wall Gang

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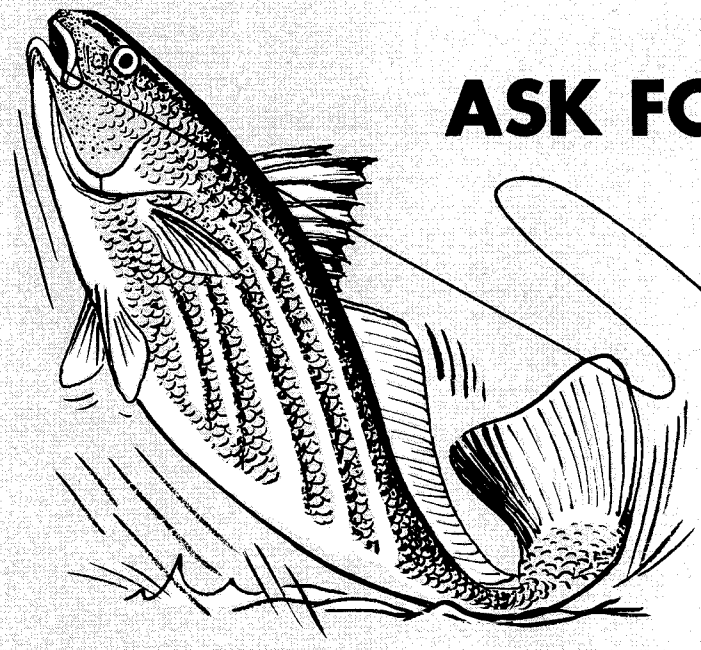

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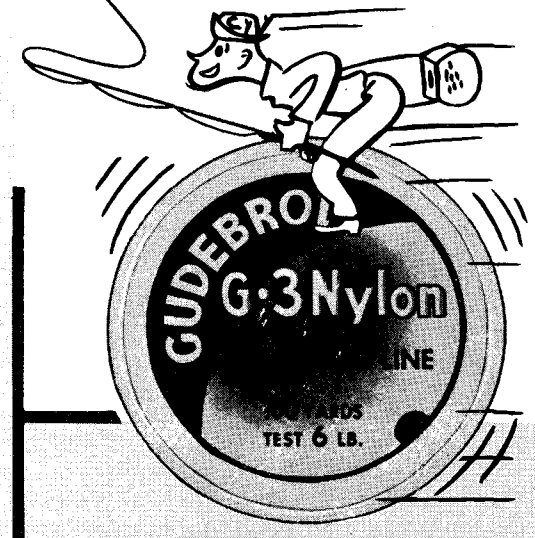

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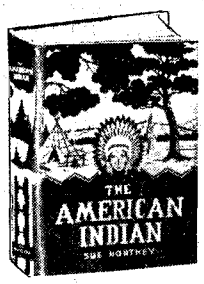
Western Americana



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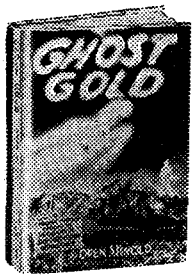

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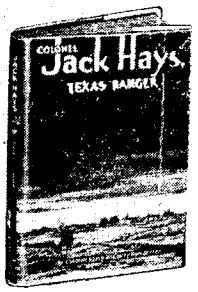

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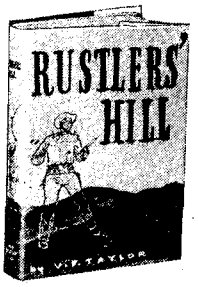

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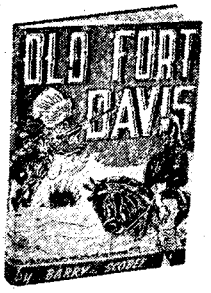

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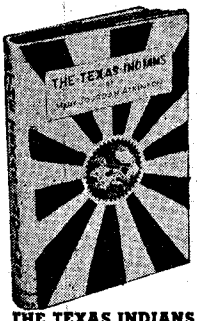

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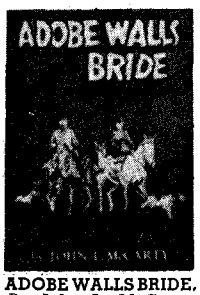

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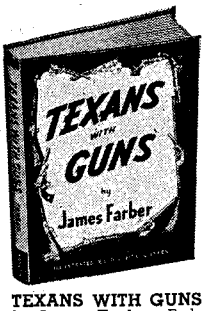

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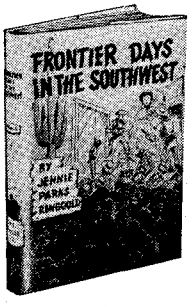

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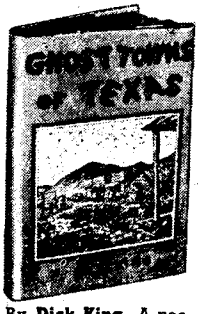

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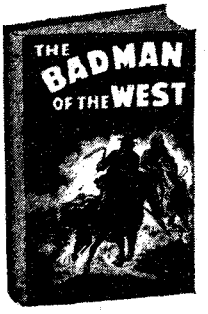

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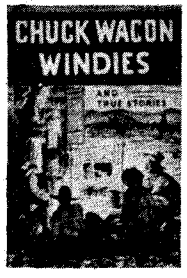

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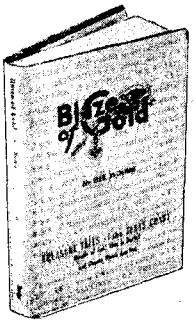

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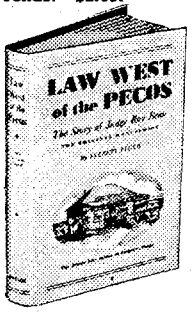

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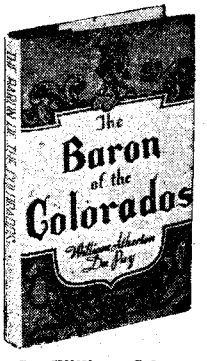

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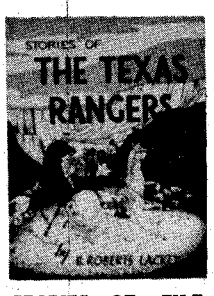

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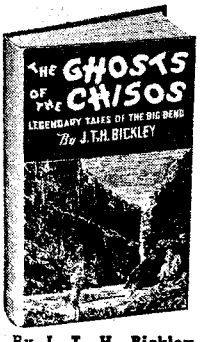

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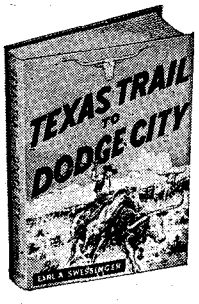

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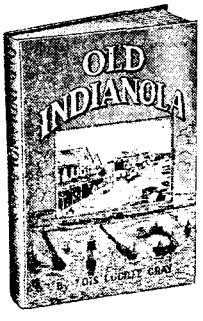

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Coming Up!

OF ALL the storied figures of the Old West, we get more queries and comments on Billy the Kid than any two of the others. Was Billy's real name McCarty or Bonney? Did he really kill twenty-one men in his short career of outlawry? Is there anyone living today who knew the Kid? And so on and on!

In an effort to solve the mystery and also get material for a yarn on the Kid, we sent our Research Editor, Norm Wiltsey, into the "Billy the Kid" country of New Mexico. You'll read the result of his travels in "Killer Kid!" in the next issue.

Joe Loving was a Texas cowman who knew when his string had run out. Wounded by Comanches, Joe said to his companion: "I'm dying. No sense of your getting killed too. Get out of here and get back to the outfit." "The Death of Joe Loving," by Marc Peterson, is a brief, vivid account of a cattle drive across hostile Indian country.

"Come On! Be Quick" is the thrilling story of Custer's last message to Captain Benteen before he and five troops of the gallant Seventh Cavalry were annihilated by the Sioux. Milton F. Perry, Curator of History at the West Point Museum, gives an absorbing account of the dramatic circumstances attending the writing of this famous dispatch, its disappearance for nearly seventy years, and its discovery only a few years ago at an auction sale in New Jersey.

BY this time all you folks have come to know and enjoy the old-time Western humor of George Phillips, our 85-year-old "Foothill Filosofer." In "Chicken at Midnight," old cowman George learns all about the chicken business in six harrowing—and hilarious—months. You'll suffer with George—and laugh, all at the same time.

It wasn't very often that an unarmed trainman foiled a train robbery in the West, but in "The Jest That Backfired," Burr H. Mallory relates just such an incident. Express messenger Dave Truesdale was facing a masked man with a cocked Winchester, when he . . . but to tell you more would be to give away the secret of as tense a little yarn as we've read in many a moon.

And, speaking of moons, leads us right into the next TRUE WEST feature—"Mi Ashe Ton Gaxas," or—to you palefaces—"Stealths of the Dark Moon." Shatka Bear-Step, noted Indian artist-author, writes of his grandfather, Go Don Bear-Step, and his three comrades, White Horn, the Omaha, and Otopasco, the Pinal Apache. Together, these three warriors formed a horse-stealing combination that became famous on the Plains. The story of their exploits make fascinating reading. It's the sort of yarn that only an Indian could write.

"Sunken Galleon Silver!" by the famous diving expert, lieutenant Harry E. Rieseberg, is a gripping little account of pirate Jean Lafitte's last raid on Spanish shipping and what happened to the treasure he captured. (Don't get all riled up now; this is NOT a sea story for all its title!) Lieutenant Rieseberg tells you just where the silver is today, if you care to start hunting for it.

FOR a marked change of pace, we next present Mark Trey's "Sourdough Fixin's". Mark, a genuine old pot-wrastler, teaches you how to make the famous sourdough bread that "stuck to a man's ribs" throughout a long, hard day on the range. His instructions really work too—we tried 'em!

"Brag Dog," by Terry Sanders, is the story of a remarkable cowdog with more guts and savvy than some men.

Short features include famous Western novelist Homer Croy's nerve-tingling encounter with

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January-February, 1957
Volume 4 No. 3
Whole No. 19

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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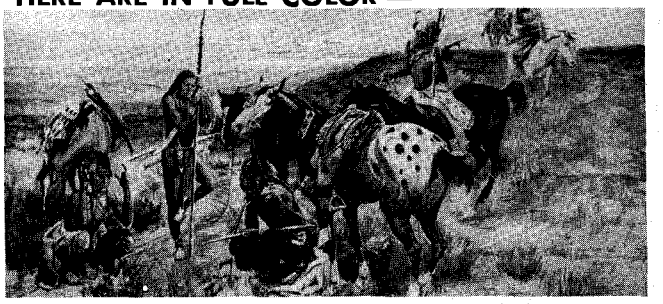
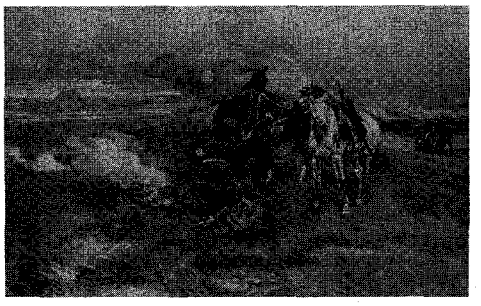


COWBOY SCENES

Picture above, No. 16, "Capturing a Grizzly"
Second picture, No. 46, "Mad Cow"



INDIAN SCENES

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Second picture, No. 8, "Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range"

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98—Winter Packet, 8½x14
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 10x14
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 10x14

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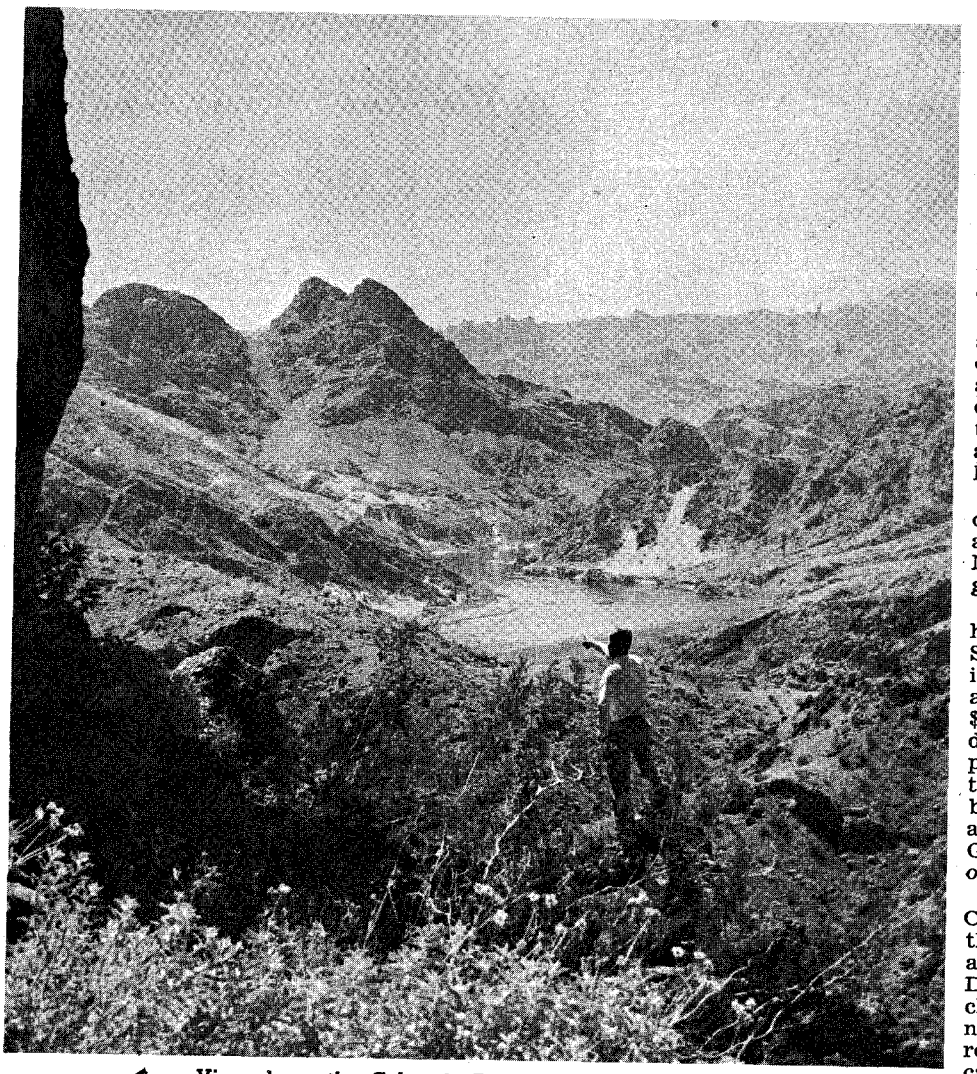

View down the Colorado River from Queho's cave.

NEVADA

Thirty persons murdered in a chain of ruthless killings that extended over a period of nearly forty years—that was the bloody record of the

MAD KILLERS of El Dorado Canyon

BY NELL MURBARGER

Photos By William Belknap, Jr.

WEDGED between Arizona and California, at the Colorado River, is a wild, arid land, burned and tortured in the Plutonic fires of past ages, and beaten upon by a brassy summer sun. Cutting diagonally across this southern tip of Nevada are the McCullough and El Dorado ranges of barren, desert mountains; and slithering down the parched east flank of the El Dorados, to its burial place beneath the now-impounded waters of the sullen river, is El Dorado Canyon.

El Dorado, today, is a place of sun and sky, and sand and silence, and far, empty distance—a place pockmarked by abandoned mines and mills and empty cabins, and nameless graves. Probably, too, it is a place of ghosts; for here, in a day long gone, men lived large and lavishly, and died violently.

Named for the fabled "land of gold" once supposed to lie between the Orinoco and Amazon rivers in South America, Nevada's El Dorado, too, was a land of gold.

From the Techatticup mine, believed to have been worked as early as 1775 by Spaniards, and subsequently rediscovered in 1857 by American soldiers stationed at Fort Mohave, has been taken nearly $2,000,000 in gold and silver. Other hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of precious metal have poured forth from the Queen City mine (originally owned by Senator George Hearst, California and Black Hills mining tycoon), the Gettysburg, the Golden Empire, and others.

As the major mines of El Dorado Canyon saw their greatest activity before the southern end of Lincoln County was amputated to form Clark County, El Dorado, in its heyday, might have claimed some sort of record for remoteness. Measuring in a straight line, over rock-capped mountains and across deep canyons and through dry lake beds, the camp was situated some 160 miles from its successive county seats—Hiko, 1867-71, and Pioche, 1871-1909—with either point more than two hundred miles removed, by wagon road.

In view of the fact that this entire distance was virtually without water and was infested by hostile Indians and a summer sun that sent temperatures zooming to 135 degrees and more, early sheriffs' officers scarcely may be blamed if they didn't beat their brains out in an effort to bring the niceties of law and order to the remote hellhole on the river.

This fact, coupled with the added attraction of gold, had the effect of attracting to El Dorado and its neighboring town of Nelson, a rough, tough element of known killers, triggermen, horsethieves, and highwaymen; and for thirty years the canyon was ravaged regularly by crimes of lust, violence and greed.

By the middle 1880's, however, El Dorado's pioneer residents were hailing the beginning of what appeared to be a "new era." The worst of the thugs and gunmen had effectually eliminated one another, or had moved on to more lucrative pickings, and the canyon at last seemed to be "settling down."

But this period of reformation proved to be only the well known calm before the storm!

Instead of "settling down," El Dorado was only getting nicely started; and all the killings that had ravaged the canyon settlement throughout its formative period were to be remembered as only a

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Satan's sample compared to another cycle of sudden death which had its inception in the canyon about sixty-five years ago.

All vaguely connected, these later murders eventually drew into their lethal web Indians as well as whites; women and children as well as men. Identity of all the victims, or their total number, is not known nor will ever be known; but it is estimated that this one, interconnected series of slayings brought violent death to not less than thirty persons.

And for that score-and-a-half of killings—most of them wholly unprovoked—*not one murderer was ever arrested or brought to trial in a court of law!*

IT all began on a torrid day in the summer of 1890. Peace and quiet lay over the desert like a woolly fleece. The days of road agents and highwaymen were largely past, and Nevada's Piute Indians had grown fat and lazy since laying off their war bonnets and exchanging their pride and normally empty bellies for a new way of life characterized by peace and plentiful handouts.

But apparently one young buck from the Piute camp, near El Dorado Canyon, did not agree with this new economic theory of peace and plenty. Or perhaps he merely was bored and wanted some excitement.

In either case, this particular young Piute touched off an extended and unforeseeable chain of events on that hot summer afternoon, in 1890, when he ambushed and killed a carrier of the United States mails. The assault took place on the lonely desert road between Kingman, Arizona, and St. Thomas, Nevada, a town since drowned beneath the waters of Hoover Dam.

Leisurely rifling the mail sacks, the young Indian highwayman helped himself to what newspapers of that day termed "a large sum of money," and added to his loot the mail rider's pistol and cartridge belt.

Thus fortified with negotiables, the robber mounted his pony and galloped lazily back to El Dorado, where he assertedly showed no better judgment than to swagger into one of the town's several gambling halls and start bucking the tiger with this "large sum of money," for which he could not account satisfactorily.

News traveled slowly in Nevada's southern tip in 1890; and by the time subsequent travelers on the St. Thomas-Kingman road had discovered the body of the dead mail rider in the midst of his slashed and rifled mail sacks, and word of that discovery had seeped out across the desert to El Dorado, the young Indian had lost most of his roll over the gambling tables and had taken a quick powder out of town.

It didn't especially matter, however, that he was not present to be questioned, for El Dorado didn't need any Sherlock Holmes to solve the Case of the Slain Mail Rider.

So far as El Dorado was concerned, the gambling Piute was It.

WHEN a local Indian was involved in any sort of crime at El Dorado, it was the custom for a committee of citizens to notify the chief of the local camp that unless a certain sinner was captured and punished by his own people in a manner compatible with his crime and wholly satisfactory to the aggrieved parties, said aggrieved parties would take extreme pleasure in blasting off the face of the desert the entire Indian camp and all its inhabitants.

It was a simple technique but effective, and thoroughly desirable in that it entailed less personal risk, and eliminated days of grueling travel over some of the roughest, driest, and hottest country the Lord ever made.

In accordance with this custom, a committee from El Dorado appeared at the Indian camp on the river and demanded that the killer of the Kingman mail carrier be put to death by members of his own race.

This eye-for-an-eye brand of justice seemed reasonable enough to the old chief—particularly so, in view of the committee's ultimatum—and he agreed that one of his braves would track the murderer down and fulfill the duties of executioner.

This unpleasant assignment, by tribal custom and decree, fell to the murderer's brother—a young, well-thought-of Indian, named Ahvote.

Moving across the desert as silently as the smoke of a dying campfire, Ahvote disappeared in the rough canyons bordering the Colorado.

Three days later he reappeared in El Dorado.

With him he brought one big toe and one ear, both of which grisly mementos were of coppery hue, and smeared and caked with dried blood.

Ahvote said he had severed the ear and toe from the body of his brother, after having slain the latter in accordance with the demand of El Dorado's punitive committee and his tribal chief.

But the committee was not satisfied with this proof. A severed big toe and ear, it was pointed out, might belong to anyone—even to a live man. Only after it had viewed the body, *en toto,* would the committee feel certain that the mail carrier's killer had been liquidated, the ends of justice served.

The old chief, for a time, refused the committee's demand to see the body; but once that group's persuasiveness convinced him that the chips were down, he agreed that a few mutually acceptable delegates would be permitted to accompany Ahvote to the lonely, desolate site where he had committed fratricide and severed from the body one big toe and one ear.

When the El Dorado delegates saw the mutilated corpse, and upon searching it found the mail carrier's pistol and cartridge belt, and $40 in cash presumably taken in the robbery, they had no alternative but to grudgingly admit their satisfaction.

RETURNING to El Dorado Canyon, and their individual endeavors, they soon forgot the incident of the slain mail carrier, and the second slaying to avenge the first.

Queho's skeleton after it was removed from the cave.

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But Ahvote, the unwilling executioner, did not forget.

Formerly a good-natured, easygoing young Indian, well-liked in El Dorado and its neighboring fleshpot of Nelson, Ahvote grew subject to sullen, brooding spells, and dark moods.

Folks in Nelson and El Dorado said he had become "a queer one."

A psychiatrist might have said he was remembering his brother and the executioner's role he had been forced to play.

Seven years went by; and, one day in 1897, Ahvote's squaw departed his bed and board.

Now, of course it is quite possible that the squaw simply was fed up with Ahvote's dark moods and general churlishness.

On the other hand, there seems an equally good possibility that Ahvote was right when he blamed her infidelity on a Nelson teamster.

The longer Ahvote thought about the matter, the more firewater he drank; and the more firewater he drank, the more blackness and hate boiled up in his soul.

And, at last, on May 12, 1897, that blackness boiled over.

Ahvote ran amok.

The Indian's choice of victims seemed to follow no established pattern.

His first victim was old Judge Morton, who was sitting at his table eating, when Ahvote's bullet crashed into his brain.

Two teamsters, coming down the grade from Nelson on a wagonload of ore, were next to meet the mad killer and pay with their lives.

Charles Nelson, founder of the camp that bore his name, was standing in the portal of his Copper Canyon mine when Ahvote's black fury cut him down without warning; and Charlie Monahan was asleep in bed. He never awakened.

Leaving five men dead and dying behind him, Ahvote fled into the wild ranges bordering the Colorado River—even as his brother had done, seven years before. And since no white man chose to follow him into those forbidding precincts, the convenience of custom again was invoked; and the matter of punishment again was laid before the tribal chief:

Find Ahvote—or else!

That a blood relative of the slayer was given this assignment is generally agreed, but there is difference of opinion whether that executioner was "Indian Pete," an uncle, or Steve Ahvote, a younger brother of the killer.

In either case, the designated triggerman disappeared into the canyon country, and several days later returned to Nelson bearing what seemed to be proof that blood had paid for blood.

The proof, in this instance, was Ahvote's severed hand—a member readily recognized due to a peculiar deformity.

Ahvote, said the executioner, was dead. He had tracked him down, he declared, and killed him, and buried him in the river. And when Ahvote never returned to El Dorado Canyon, nor was reported seen anywhere else, even the suspicions of the skeptical eventually were lulled to rest.

But even though dead in the flesh, Ahvote, in spirit, was still very much alive; for Ahvote, in dying, unconsciously had flung the torch of his hatred to a young half-breed, known as Queho.

QUEHO, a solemn, moody, good-looking lad of seventeen years, had been personal witness to the hour of terrorism perpetrated by Ahvote in El Dorado and Copper Canyons on that bloody day of May 12, 1897.

Possibly Queho had found vicarious satisfaction in watching the grisly manner in which Ahvote sought a solution to his emotional problems, for young Queho, too, was troubled by emotional problems.

And thirteen years later Queho, too, ran amok!

Queho, in running amok, effected a great improvement on Ahvote's technique, and lived considerably longer as a result.

Half insane with fury and hatred, Ahvote had charged through the canyon like a rabid wolf, slaying every man encountered on that mad flight.

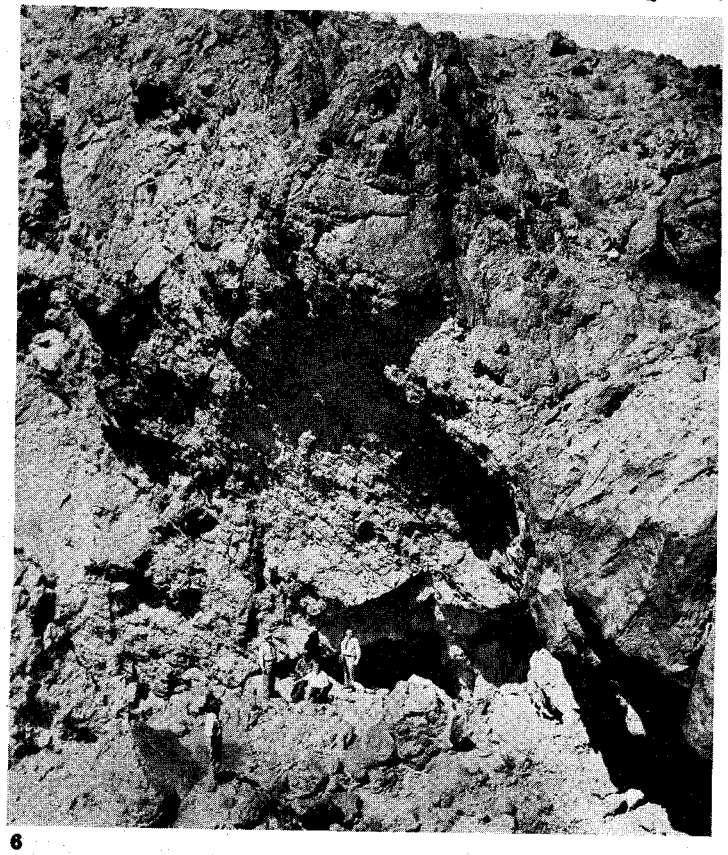
Queho, on the other hand, prowled through the canyons, stealthily and wraithlike. Using a high-powered rifle or, occasionally, a knife, he picked off his victims at will and at random—prospectors, sheepherders, chance travelers, housewives, children, Indians, whites—all within a radius of one hundred miles. Having struck without warning and slain without cause, Queho would melt back into the canyon shadows, ready to strike and kill again, as fancy dictated.

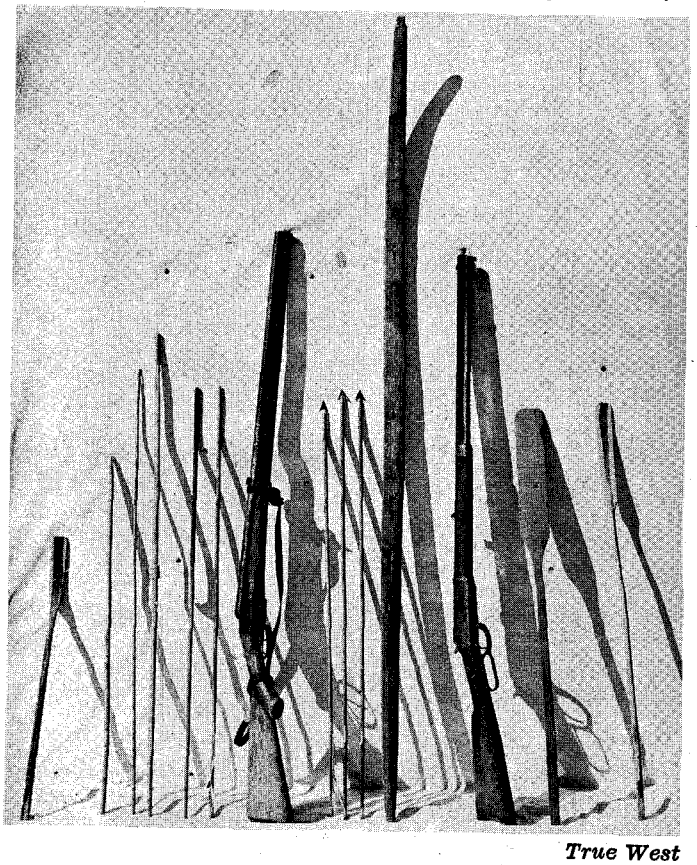
That Queho's method of operation was decidedly more effective than the mad-dog technique employed earlier by Ahvote is indicated by the fact that Ahvote's paltry quintet of killings pales to insignificance beside the ultimate roster of Queho's alleged victims— some sources having credited him with as many as twenty-three slayings, an even greater number than are attributed to that arch-slayer, Billy the Kid!

Other sources claim that not all these twenty-three known victims of violence met their death at Queho's hands—that Queho was not responsible for more than a dozen killings. But a dozen victims, or twenty-three victims, the fact remains that Queho still wasn't the sort of lad one might hope to encounter on a dark and lonely trail. . . .

SOCIAL workers today would likely contend that Queho's entire bloody career was due to frustration in his childhood; and from where I sit, that seems to be as good an explanation as any.

Left: Sheriff M. E. Ward and posse at the entrance to Queho's cave. Right: Weapons and primitive tools from Queho's cave.





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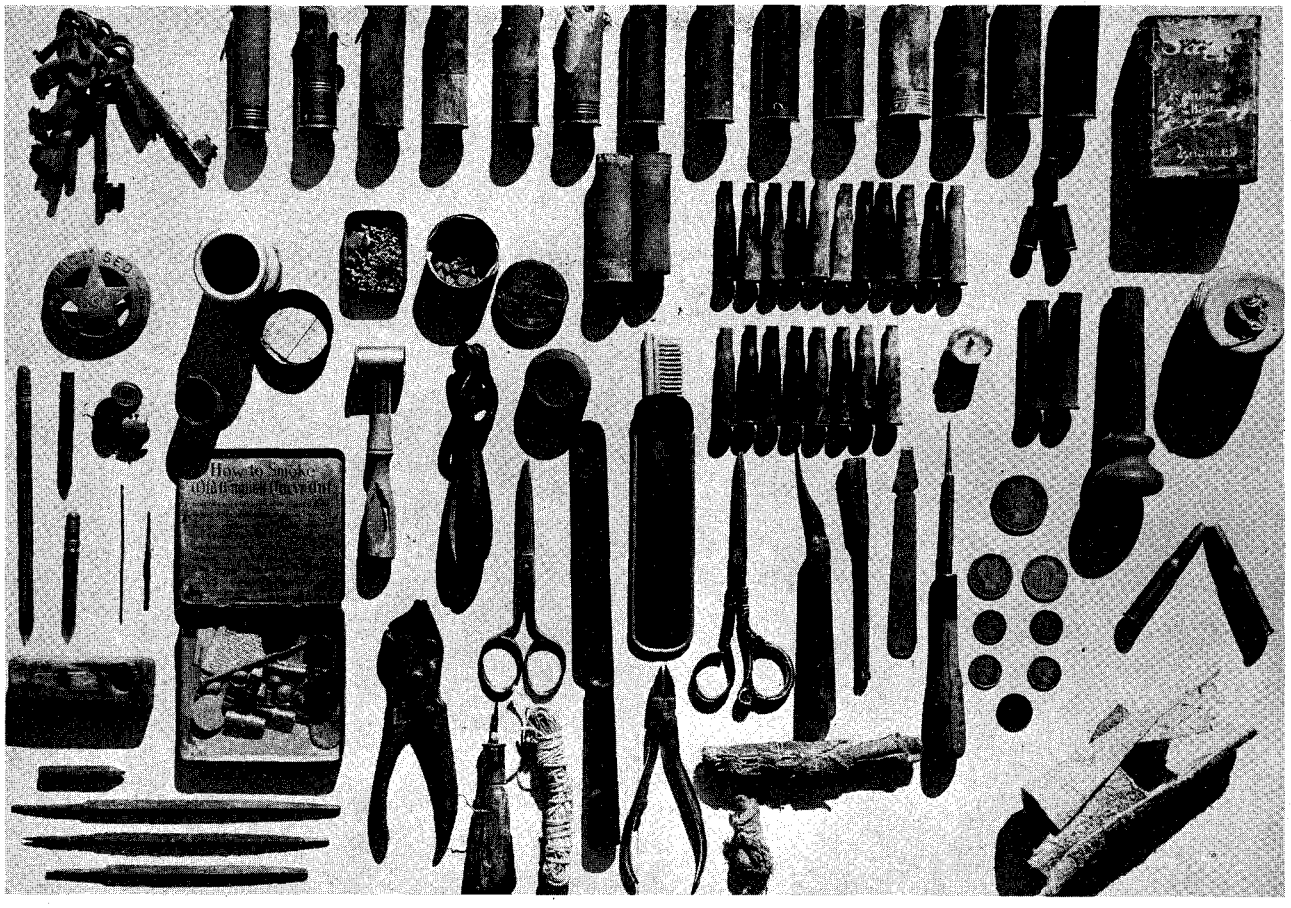

Collection of small objects found with Queho in the cave.

Assertedly the "catch colt" son of a Cocopah Indian girl and a soldier at Fort Mohave, Queho was doomed from the hour of his birth—the old men of the tribe having ordered that he be killed as soon as they had learned that blood of the despised palefaces coursed in his veins.

Minutes before the death sentence was to be executed, the girl-mother is supposed to have fled with her child into Pyramid Canyon, thence traveling laboriously northward. As the Colorado's original course through this region lay at the bottom of a gorge too steep and rough to enable frequent access to its water, the Cocopah girl was forced to make her way through the desert with virtually no food, and only such liquid sustenance as she might press from the sticky pulp of the barrel cactus.

With her newborn baby tugging hungrily at her breasts, the girl eked out a precarious existence until reaching the hot, barren El Dorado range, where a Piute hunting party came upon the dying pair.

As women don't have an especially high trade-in value among the Piutes, the exhausted girl was callously abandoned to her death. Her baby son, however, was adopted into the Piute tribe and nursed back to health.

Queho grew into a solemn, silent child. Of greater intelligence than the Piute boys of his own age, he was generally excluded from their games and feats of skill, and with approaching manhood became constantly more taciturn and morose. He worked around the mining camps of Searchlight, Nelson, and El Dorado, and sometimes wandered as far north as the new railroad town of Las Vegas.

First victim of the Cocopah half-breed, according to some accounts, was a Piute brave. Others contend that the first blood spilled by him was that of a young German, whom Queho shot through the back of the head, near Las Vegas, in 1910. In either case, this latter victim apparently was the first white person to run afoul of Queho's wrath.

But he was not the last.

With the white man's law hot on his trail, Queho fled into the rugged canyon country north of Nelson—a wild, barren, waterless, and nearly trackless realm—which was to serve him as sanctuary for the remainder of his life.

And throughout all that period, Queho was to be the central figure in the Great Queho Manhunt, extending over a period of thirty years!

It has been my privilege to talk with several persons who took part in that grueling pursuit. I was acquainted with the late Frank Wait, long-time deputy sheriff of Clark County, who relentlessly hounded Queho throughout nearly three decades; another of the old manhunters I knew was Ike Alcock, also a former deputy sheriff of Clark County, and for more than three quarters of a century a resident of Nelson and El Dorado Canyon. Ike, who at time of this writing, is more than one hundred years old and failing rapidly both in health and mind, took a very active part in that long-extended pursuit. It was my pleasure to talk with him on several occassions while his memory was still clear and his mind alert.

The following account of the Queho case, therefore, is sort of a salmagundi of stories told me by Wait and Alcock, supplemented by reports printed in contemporary Las Vegas newspapers.

First resident of the El Dorado area to fall before Queho's wrath was assertedly "Old Man" Woodworth, a harmless woodcutter from Timber Mountain, who once had employed Queho, had liked him and befriended him on numerous occasions. Woodworth was murdered in cold blood near the town of Nelson.

Even before Woodworth was buried, Queho was drawing a bead on his next victim. This time it was "Doc" Gilbert, who was shot in the back and killed while performing his duties as watchman at the Gold Bug mill. When Gilbert's body was found, it was noted that his watchman's badge, No. 896, was missing; otherwise there was little or no evidence that robbery was the motive.

As both Woodworth and Gilbert had been well-liked and respected, their deaths had the effect of lighting a fire under the Queho manhunt. *Clark County Review*, in its issue of December 3, 1910, carried the following resume of the case:

"INDIAN QUEHO is still at large, after having killed two men in the El Dorado Canyon district.

"Light Wheatly, of Searchlight, who was appointed special deputy to assist Deputy Sheriff Howe, writes this account of their experiences and what they learned:

" 'We had a hard, rough trip along the river, walking from El Dorado Canyon with the Indians as far as Cottonwood Island, traveling day and night. No sign or fresh tracks were seen by us, or the Indians, after finding where he had crossed the river to this side after killing the watchman of the Gold Bug mill six days before.

" 'It seems to be the theory of the Indians that he is still in the Timber Mountain or McCullough range, where he might stay for an indefinite time if not run out, which could only be done by the Indians themselves, as white men could never find him.

" 'The Indians say he told of killing Woodworth. In my opinion many of them knew of it shortly after it occurred.' "

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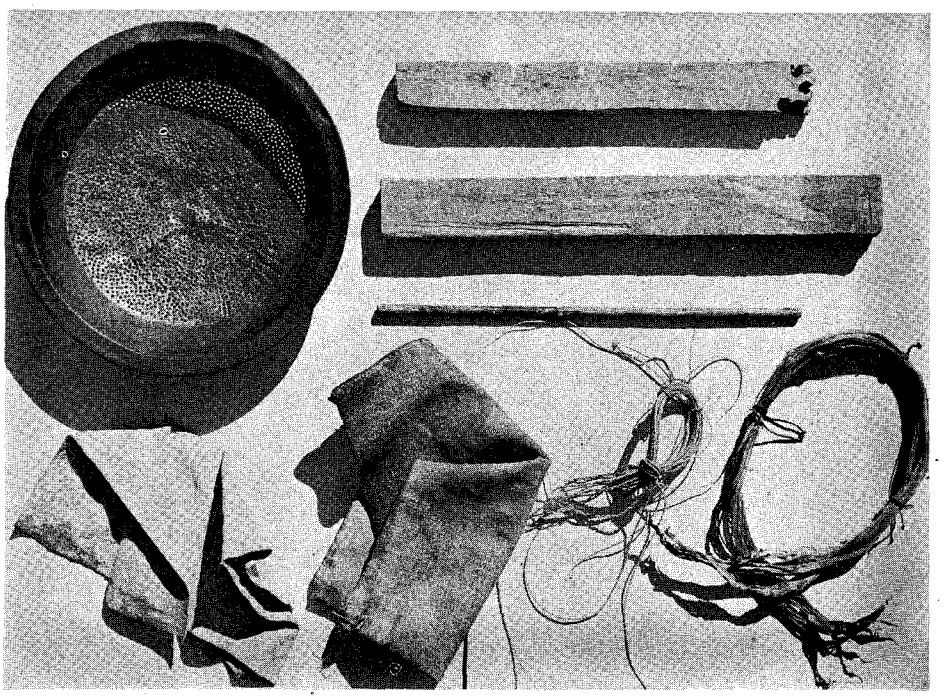

Strainer, fireboards and drill, cloth, fiber cord and sinew from Queho's cave.

On December 31, 1910, several new developments were reported in the Las Vegas *Age:*

"Sergeant P. M. Newgard of the state police has been detailed by Captain Cox to run down the Indian murderer Queho, who recently terrorized the county in the vicinity of El Dorado Canyon.

"Newgard has arranged to organize a posse, with I. W. 'Ike' Alcock and J. E. Babcock, the veteran Indian fighters, who are now here, as leaders, and several expert Indian trailers to assist and follow the desperate Queho until he is killed or captured. Sergeant Newgard has the reputation of getting the man he goes after. With the splendid organization of the state police behind him and the expert knowledge of Indian customs furnished by Alcock and Babcock, Queho's chances of living a long and happy life are slim."

Even though pursued by this battery of masterful manhunters, Queho was still a long way from being in the bag, but Las Vegas *Age,* on January 14, 1911, still continued hopeful:

"Queho, the bad Indian, is in a bad fix. A band of whites and Indians, making up what is probably the most determined band of scouts and trailers remaining in the West today, men who are tireless on the trail, persevering and never failing in carrying out their purposes, who know all the ways of savage cunning, and who are familiar with the country in which he is hiding, are after Mr. Queho.

"In addition to Sergeant P. M. Newgard, Ike Alcock and J. E. Babcock, there are six Piute Indians on the trail, anxious to rid the country of the peril of murderous, crazy Queho. . . . The Indians and prospectors are both fearful of the crazy Indian, believing that he may kill without mercy anyone he may meet. It is probable that Queho's days are numbered, considering those who are after him."

But a full eight years later found Queho still very much alive, and very much at large!

DURING that intervening period, an entire Indian family—including several small children—had been massacred on the Arizona side of the river, and all signs had pointed unmistakably to the crazed slayer. Lone prospectors and sheepherders had been found dead in isolated canyons—sometimes with only their shoes or guns missing from their persons—and terror and apprehension had come to stalk the trail behind every lone desert traveler, and to hover ominously over every flickering campfire.

So came January 13, 1919, and two miners, Eather Taylor and Wm. Hancock, left St. Thomas, Nevada, in the company of a teamster who had agreed to haul them and their gear to a location on the Colorado River, where the pair wished to do some prospecting.

When the teamster returned a week later to move the men and their equipment to a new site, in accordance with their earlier-made arrangement, the prospectors were nowhere to be found. Returning to St. Thomas, the teamster enlisted the aid of a searching party, but before any progress had been made along this phase of the manhunt, the murderous Queho had struck again.

His victim on this occasion was Mrs. Maude J. Douglas, wife of Arvin J. Douglas, who was shot and killed on the night of January 21. The attack occurred as Mrs. Douglas was preparing supper by lamplight in her home near the Techatticup mine, in El Dorado Canyon. The kitchen of the Douglas home was left in considerable disorder, as though ransacked by the woman's assailant, and there was some indication that a small amount of food may have been stolen.

"But Queho didn't have to kill her only to get food," Ike Alcock told me later. "No woman more sympathetic than Maude Douglas ever lived, and if Queho had said he was hungry, she would have *given* him food—the same as she fed every stray dog and down-at-the-heels prospector who came along. He didn't need to kill her. . . ."

On the morning following the attack, tracks believed to be those of Queho were found leading from the scene of the crime down the trail toward the Colorado River, and Ike Alcock immediately organized a posse and began a search for the mad slayer. With the arrival of Undersheriff Frank Wait and Deputy Sheriff Ernest Lake, from Las Vegas, later that day, Wait took charge of the manhunt.

The result was the same as always before.

Upon reaching the river, Queho seemed literally to have vanished into thin air!

The search was still going forward on January 29 when searchers came upon the bodies of the two St. Thomas prospectors, Taylor and Hancock.

BOTH men had been shot in the back beside the prospecting holes they had dug. Their bodies had been mutilated, and their shoes and a prospecting pick known to have been in their possession were missing.

And while still engaged in this segment of the Queho pursuit, searchers, ironically, came upon the skeletons of two unidentified men believed to have been murdered about five years previously. Both were listed as probable victims of the same crazed assassin.

On February 15, 1911, Las Vegas *Age* reported that Undersheriff Wait, Joe May, Bernard McKinney, and a Piute trailer, "Indian Chick," were still following the trail.

"The fugitive, after working north through almost impassable country along the river north of Nelson, has circled around and again made his way toward the south. Although the storm obliterated the trail for a time, new tracks again have been found. The place where the fugitive killed a mountain sheep was located. The tracks show that the fugitive has changed shoes, which would in-

(Continued on page 32)

Photo taken from Queho's cave, looking out. Left to right are Ed Schroeder, Charles Kenyon, Deputy Sheriff Paul Jones, Judge A. J. Nelson and Sheriff M. E. Ward.

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SHOT and LEFT TO DIE!

BY BUFFALO VERNON

Photos From The Author

Here, in the author's exact words, is the story of the shocking lynch murder of his parents and the callous attempted murder of himself as a small boy in the Johnson County, Wyoming, range war.

James Averill and his wife, with son Tom. Photo was taken a few months before Mr. and Mrs. Averill were lynched and little Tom carried off into the hills to be shot and left to die.

IN the early 1880s, Jim Averill and his wife, Ella, took up homesteads at Sweetwater, then Carbon County, Wyoming, on the bank of the Sweetwater River.

Ella took up a homestead adjoining her husband, Jim Averill, under her maiden name, Ella Watson; this was legal under the Homestead Grants at that time. The records of the U. S. Department of the Interior show that on October 29, 1880, James Averill made Timber Culture entry Cheyenne No. 531, covering the NE ½, Section 26. Ella Watson, my mother, made entry T. 28, N.R. 88. W. The entries were cancelled July 1, 1890.

Dad built a store on his homestead, where a U. S. Post Office was established with Dad as Postmaster. He also had a license to sell liquor. Between Dad and Mother, they owned around fifty head of cattle and several blooded horses. This land they had settled on was very rich and fine pasture land which had been used by the big cattlemen of that valley, namely: U. T. Ranch owned by the Durbin brothers at Split Rock, Wyoming; The Bar Eleven Ranch, Sam Johnson foreman; the Hub and Spoke at Devil's Gate; and the Swan Ranch of the Butler brothers at Whiskey Gap.

These are just a few of the big cattlemen that objected to the homesteaders taking up the land they had been using for years and assuming that they owned it. They used all means possible to scare the settlers out, without success. So they imported all the outlaws and cutthroats they could find in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona up by train and unloaded them outside of Casper, Wyoming; mounted them on horses and turned them loose on the settlers.

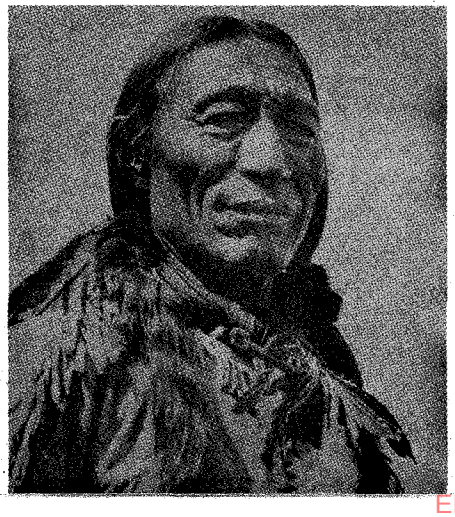
My parents were the first ones to feel the wrath of these murderers. They rode up to the store and walked in with drawn guns, took Dad and Mother out and up along the banks of the Sweetwater River, and lynched them both. They also shot and disposed of an adopted boy around twelve years old. He was a cripple. No one ever saw or found him. I, Tom Averill, was five years old at that time.

I was lugged off to the Black Hills by two of the murderers, taken up in a canyon back of where the town of Custer, Wyoming, now stands. Here, I was chained by my right leg to a sawed-off stump in an old dug-out, shot in the throat and left to die.

These murderers went right on through the country until they reached the K. C. Ranch in Johnson County.

The then sheriff of that county, (I don't recall his name) wasn't owned by the cattlemen like all the other sheriffs were. They were in cahoots with the big cattlemen. The sheriff of Johnson County, Wyoming, got the homesteaders together and they jammed the hired murderers in a corner and into the K. C. Ranch house and would have wiped them out but for four troops of U. S. Cavalry that had been summoned by some of the crooked sheriffs in with the cattlemen. The outlaws were arrested and six of them had a mock trial before a cattleman judge and jury, and were turned loose. All this took place in July, 1889, but the lynching of a woman went down

Left: Chief Iron Tail, who raised Tom Averill as his adopted son, and named him "Vernon," meaning "Good Will." Photo made in 1914 on the 101 Ranch. Center: Photo of Buffalo Vernon as he appears today. Right: Annie Oakley, champion woman rifle shot of the world, who was Tom Averill's guardian while he rode with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show.



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Deadwood. S. D.
November.21 1929.

Mr Tom Averill Vernon.
% Major. G. W. Lillie.
Pawnee. Oklahoma.

Dear Tom;

It was a grate surprise# to me when I open your letter. Dated Nov. 17th. from Cheyenne. it was the first word I have had of you arter you left the ~~101~~ 101 Ranch show. at Madson Squar Garden new York in May 1914.

It don my heart good to read your letter.knowing your Father Jim Averill and your Mother Ella. like I did and the cowderly way they were murder. and as I recall the hardship rendered against you as a child. it makes me feal as tho I should strap on my trusty old gun and help you run to earth those that have hounded you through your past life.

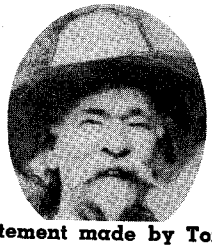
Tom. I was Riding for the U. T. Ranch. owned by the Durbin Brother's. at Split Rock Wyoming. at the very time your Parents were lynch. becaus they were Homesteders some of the Boys from this Ranch found your Parents and maid the report. But we were on able to find you. and not untill Jim Mitchel came to old Fort Fittmer.Wyoming with White Eagle. a Chief from the Oglalas. did we lern as to your wharabouts.

I left the old U. T. Ranch. and returned to Pine Ridge. S. D. with Mitchel White Eagle and American Horse I wanted to be sure you were safe. Major Gallagher the Agent at Pine Ridge. and Rock Bear.told how and whar you were found. and that Doctor Glennan. of the Eight's U.S. Cavalry had probed a bullet out of your throught.whar you had been~~##~~ shot by some of the same one's that had murder your Parents.

Pleas extend my good wishes to Major Lillie. and Miss May. and be sure to write me again soon.

Your Good Friend.

Tom C. Grant
Old Silver Tip.
Deadwood. S. D.



Photostat of statement made by Tom C. Grant (Old Silvertip) on the Averill murders.

in the black pages of Wyoming history and will always remain there. The rotten cattlemen, to try and clean their own tail feathers, put out the rumor that my parents were punching stolen cattle. This proved to be untrue, for over one hundred men came forward and swore my parents were honest, God-fearing people and had nothing to do with stolen stock of any kind, and they were ready to back up their words with six-shooters and Winchesters, but the big cattlemen didn't want to stack up against these men. The cattlemen had tacked the name of Cattle Kate on my mother and that made these friends of my parents mighty sore, so they called their hands on it. Two of the cattlemen retired and left the state; men by the name of J. Lake and John McPherson Mintz.

As told to me in later years by people that knew my Dad, he was a very quiet, easygoing man and had many friends among the settlers and honest people of the Sweetwater valley and the state, but a bad man to cross or try to put something over on. He was one of the fastest and best shots with a six-shooter in the country.

He and Mother were cleared of any wrongdoing by all of the honest people of the state of Wyoming.

I can prove this by good honest people.

I WAS found in the dug-out by a band of Sioux Indians out hunting, led by a young subchief, Red Shirt. They came upon the dug-out and investigated it. They found me lying there chained to the stump, covered with blood. They cut the chains loose, or rather pulled them loose, from the stump, washed off my throat and wrapped it up with cloth torn from a shirt, put blankets around me, and started for the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Pine Ridge, South Dakota, is a long way from the Black Hills where they found me.

As soon as we arrived at Pine Ridge, they took me to Chief Iron Tail. Mrs. Iron Tail took me to the log cabin they lived in, and the Chief dispatched a runner to the Army Post nearby for a doctor. One came from the 8th U. S. Cavalry and probed the bullet out of my neck and remained with me until I was out of danger. Then, Mrs. Iron Tail and some other Indian women cared for me. I was soon up and playing with the Indian kids. Some people may think it funny because the Chief and his wife lived in a log cabin. This cabin had been formerly used by the Indian agent and his wife, and Mrs. Iron Tail used to cook for Major Gallery and his wife. Mrs. Iron Tail had been through Haskill Indian College and talked good English and cooked American style.

I know the Indians didn't know who I was or my name. They only knew I was a white boy. So they gave me the name of Vernon, which in their tongue means "good will."

No people in the world could have treated me better than those Indians did. Red Shirt, the Indian that found me, came to see me every day. He and Jake Cow Killer and the Indian kids soon had me talking the Indian tongue. By the time I was seven years old I could understand and talk their tongue as well as they could.

Jake Cow Killer taught me how to ride and rope. Jake, in later years, became head of the Indian Police and acted as interpreter for the Sioux nation in all business deals.

When I was around nine years old, the cattlemen in the Sweetwater valley where my parents were murdered, learned somehow that I had lived and was being cared for by the Sioux. They were afraid I might see and recognize some of the murderers of my parents. If so, I might cause their arrest and they in turn might reveal who hired and paid them to commit the cowardly act. That would be bad for the cattlemen, so they wanted to get rid of me if possible.

One day I was playing with some Indian kids. Suddenly, a white man came up and grabbed me and ran to a saddle horse being held by a man on another horse. He threw me over the seat of the

Left: Photo of members of Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Right: Photo of Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Vernon.

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saddle, jumped up behind me, and rode off. The kids started to scream and yell, and Indian Pete, who had just ridden in from hunting, saw what was taking place and rode after us. He finally shot the fellow that had me right through the back of the head. He fell from the horse; so did I. The other fellow got away. From that day on, Iron Tail gave orders for an armed guard to watch over me day and night. My guards were Red Shirt, White Eagle, Jerome Wolf Ears, Standing Rock and Jake Cow Killer. No more attempts were made to steal me.

IN APRIL, 1896, agents from the Buffalo Bill Wild West show came to Pine Ridge Reservation to enlist one hundred Sioux to travel for three years all over Europe with the show. The Government had granted permission for the trip if the Indians approved. Jim Mitchell, the Chief of Cowboys on the show, came as the agent. Iron Tail wouldn't let the Indians go unless I went along. The agents found out I was a good rider and took me. The show was due to open in Madison Square Garden for three weeks before it sailed across the Big Pond. They made a Pony Express Rider out of me, but it wasn't but a short time until I was riding broncs and roping steers.

Joe Gonzales, a Mexican roper, taught me how to catch and tie a steer. Then Jack Joyce finished up with me in the roping stunts.

While in Madison Square Garden, New York, for three weeks, I used to run all over the city with the Indians. Some old nosy women didn't like to see me, a white boy, running around all the time with a bunch of Indians, so they made a squawk to a Federal judge about it and he sent a U. S. Marshal over to the Garden and hauled us all into court. Colonel Cody, (Buffalo Bill), Chief and Mrs. Iron Tail, Johnnie Baker, the operator of the show, and me—and for good luck, Colonel Cody took Annie Oakley along. The judge told us what the complaints were, and Buffalo Bill explained how the Indians had found and raised me since I was five years old and I was then thirteen. The court wanted a guardian appointed for me, so Buffalo Bill recommended Annie Oakley for the job. The judge asked Annie if she was willing to accept it. She said yes, if Chief and Mrs. Iron Tail would approve. They did approve, and Annie Oakley became my sole guardian for the remainder of the time I was on the show, which was from April, 1896, to May, 1899, when we returned from Europe.

We landed in London, England, in the last part of June and remained there two weeks. While there, Buffalo Bill and Annie Oakley were invited to have lunch with the King and Queen of England. Not to be outdone, I got two Indians to help me take one of the broncs to Buckingham Palace and snub him while I saddled him up. While we were doing so, someone told the King and the whole bunch came out to see what was going on. They soon saw. I crawled up in the middle of the bronc, and the Indians turned him loose. We messed the lawn up some, but the King said it was all okay and made us all come in the house and have lunch with them. After that, we took the horses back to the showgrounds, which were only two blocks away. We went all over Europe. I didn't enjoy any of the countries over there. We had taken 150 head of horses and steers with us, and all the things used to put on a real Wild West show. When we landed back in New York City, I was real glad. I was sixteen years old. Annie Oakley had schooled me and taught me every bit of the education I ever had. She was an angel to me, and the champion rifle shot of the world. May she always rest in peace.

I got the Army fever while on the Bill show. We had a squad of cavalry men doing the U. S. Cavalry monkey drill. I liked the vaulting over three, four, and five horses' backs while running. So, I used to practice with them once in a while. Finally I got to riding with them all the time and during my one stunt besides.

(Continued on page 36)

Deadwood. South Dak.
June. 10th. 1914

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN;

There has been a number of articles written about the cowardly Lynching of James Averill and his Wife, whoes maiden name was Ella Watson.

This cold blooded murder took place in the Sweetwater Valley Carbon County Wyoming. in the summer of 1889.

The crime was instigated and carried into execution by the big Cattle men of the valley and the stock growers of Wyoming, For no other reason than. Averill and his Wife were homesteaders and Their homestead'S interfered with unlimited grazing , not a nother Thing could or ever has been proven against them.

They had two boys one which was adopted about 10 or 12 years old He was a cripple. the other boy Tom by name. was a lad of about 5 or6 Years of age, This child was shot through the neck by some of the Hired murderers and carried off to the Black-Hills of South Dakota.

He was later found ny a band of Sioux Ind-ians in an old dogout Chained to a stump by one leg. this place where he was found is near Custer, South Dakota. he was taken to the Pine Ridge Indian Resavation. And cared for by Iron Tail. a Chief loved by every one who new him.

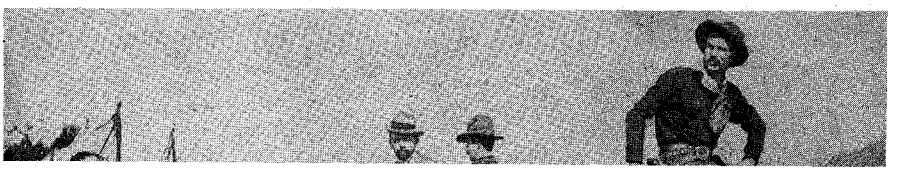
I was in the Sweetwater valley when these cowardly crimes were Committed, saw Tom at his parents home. and later when he lived with The Indians in Dakota. This boy has been hounded and plotted against Through the influence brought to bear by some large Cattlemen. who Want him out of the way. his real name is Tom Averill; The Indians Added the name of Vernon, which is a signe name.

If there is any doupt as to the correctness of this statement let the doubter call and see me, I will back it up Plenty strong,

Signed. Richard Clarke,
Richard Clark
Deadwood Dick.
Deadwood, South Dakota.

Photostat of a statement by Richard Clark (Deadwood Dick) on the Averill murders.

Left: Buffalo Vernon bulldogging. Right: The old Deadwood Stage used in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. Iron Tail, at left, on horse. Colonel Cody, standing. Men on box: Colorado Jack, at the reins, and Bert Schenck. Others not identified.



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WHO *WAS* THE GREATEST LAWMAN?

Bill Tilghman wore the silver star and six-gun for half a century. Was he the greatest lawman of them all?

BY BILL BURCHARDT

Photos Courtesy Mrs. Zoe A. Tilghman

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I know this article will land me in the middle of a red-hot controversy with followers of Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Pat Garrett, etc., but in MY book Bill Tilghman was the greatest Western lawman of them all. Why? I'm going to try to tell you in the following lines.
—B.

THERE was an early autumn chill in the November night. The year: 1924. Yellow headlight beams illuminated the gaudy entrances of dance-halls, boot-leg joints and cafes as the Model T hoopies chugged along the main street of the wild oil boomtown, Cromwell, Oklahoma. Hectic excitement swept the town like a fever, yet there was nothing to indicate that the finest peace officer the West had ever known was to be killed within the hour. . . .

Bill Tilghman was the only one of the famous frontier marshals who upheld the law across two eras. His service had begun in Ford County, Kansas, in 1878 as under-sheriff for Bat Masterson. Now, half a century later, he was serving as marshal of another seething boomtown. Yet conditions were different, for Cromwell festered with an evil unknown to the cowtowns and mining boomtowns of an earlier West. Dope—heroin and morphine—flown in from Mexico by a Kansas City dope ring—had demoralized law enforcement in Cromwell. It had corrupted law officers in all of Seminole County.

In desperation, the Cromwell Chamber of Commerce had called Bill Tilghman to clean up the mess. The Seminole County Sheriff refused to sign Bill's commission. But Tilghman courage and reputation were too well known for such a trick to work. Public opinion forced the Sheriff to sign the document making Bill marshal of Cromwell.

In three months, Tilghman had the dope ring plenty worried with his activities. The blow-off came when Killian, the Kansas City dope kingpin, flew in a big shipment of drugs and Bill spotted it. Killian was afraid to claim his contraband, and decided that Tilghman must be killed. Wiley Lynn was the man selected to do the job.

Lynn, a federal prohibition officer, drove into Cromwell well fortified with confiscated bootleg whiskey. At ten o'clock that night he parked his Model T Ford across the street from Murphy's Cafe. Tilghman was inside, drinking a cup of coffee.

Lynn fired a shot into the air. When the marshal came out to investigate, Lynn crossed the street to meet him. Tilghman grasped the drunken officer's wrist, forcing his gun hand into the air. A bystander ran up and took Lynn's gun.

Tilghman recognized his fellow officer, smelled the whiskey on Lynn's breath, and figured it was nothing more than a drunken disturbance. He released Lynn's hand.

Wiley Lynn drew a hide-out pistol and fired two bullets into the 70-year-old marshal.

After fatally shooting Bill Tilghman, Wiley Lynn was discharged from office. He escaped conviction for murder, but was constantly in trouble with the law from then on. Four years after the Cromwell affair, he walked into a Madill, Oklahoma, drugstore to gun down Crockett Long, an officer against whom he bore a grudge for an earlier arrest. But Lynn's luck ran out at last. Crockett Long stubbornly refused to die until he had put enough slugs into Wiley Lynn to blast the life out of him.

BILL TILGHMAN turned to a career of law enforcement early in life, serving one short commission as a temporary officer as early as 1874. He was 19 years old then. Sheriff Charlie Bassett asked him to go down into the Cheyenne-Arapaho country of Indian Territory to recover a pair of stolen oxen. Young Tilghman agreed. He brought back the oxen.

From that single frontier incident, Bill Tilghman went on to serve the law his entire lifetime. In the course of his long career he made the transition from one-man Colt's .45 law enforcement to modern criminology and detective work. His service encompassed a greater span of time than the official careers of Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, "Pistol Pete" Eaton and Pat Garrett put together.

Broken down, Tilghman's amazing record reads as follows: Two years under-sheriff for Bat Masterson in Ford County, Kansas, 1878-79; four years under-sheriff for Pat Sughrue, Ford County, 1883-86; twenty-one years Deputy United States Marshal of the Western District of Oklahoma and Indian Territory, 1891-1912.

Other posts held by Bill included a six months' term as marshal of Perry, Oklahoma, immediately following the Cherokee Strip Run, 1893-94; four years sheriff of Lincoln County, Oklahoma, 1900-04; one year and eight months Chief of Police in Oklahoma City, 1911-13; one year special officer for Governor M. E. Trapp of Oklahoma, 1923-24; and his last ill-fated job as city marshal of Cromwell, Oklahoma. Bill had been city marshal of vice-ridden Cromwell only three months when he was killed there on November 1, 1924. The total adds up to an impressive forty-six and one-half years of service, a record absolutely unequalled by any other Western lawman whose career bridged the old and the new West.

IN sharp contrast to Tilghman's well documented record of service, it is almost impossible to find documentary proof for some of the claims of Earp, Eaton (alias Goodhue), Hickok and company. Here are samples of the letters you receive when you attempt to establish actual dates for comparison.

From the Kansas State Historical Society:

"I am writing in answer to your letter in which you inquired about Wyatt Earp's status as a U. S. Marshal.

"We have no information here that will substantiate the statement that he had a U. S. Deputy's commission. We have checked with the marshal's office and they have no information either. However, the marshal suggests that you contact the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., attention Mr. Andretta. This question has arisen before and the marshal's office thinks that this man has the answer."

(Signed)
Robert W. Richmond
State Archivist.

From the Department of Justice in Washington:

"In seeking an answer to your inquiry, we have made a search of our records and have consulted the National Archives, but there is no information available that Wyatt Earp or James Butler Hickok (Wild Bill) ever held regular commissions as Deputy United States Marshals.

"I regret that we cannot verify the information you have received."

(Signed)
S. A. Andretta
Administrative Assistant
to the Attorney General

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From the United States District Court, Western District of Arkansas:

"We have your letter inquiring about records which might reveal whether or not Frank Eaton (alias "Pistol Pete," alias Frank Goodhue) ever held a commission as Deputy United States Marshal.

"The only records which this office has concerning Deputy Marshals in the days of Judge Parker are the oaths which they executed as such deputies. We have searched those records and do not find either of the names inquired about."

(Signed)
Truss Russell
Clerk of the Court.

In significant contrast, Bill Tilghman's record rests securely on documents rather than wild personal claims made to writers of sensational biography. Well authenticated are his exploits, rather than well fabricated, as is the case with so many heroic feats attributed to others.

For example, Bill Tilghman was the man who ran "Mysterious Dave" Mather out of Dodge City—and without firing a shot to do it. He was one of the famed Three Guardsmen—Heck Thomas, Chris Madsen, and Tilghman—who destroyed the Dalton-Doolin gang. Tilghman's single-handed capture of Bill Doolin in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, is a classic tale in Western history.

It is, of course, impossible to condense a biography of Bill Tilghman within the limited confines of a magazine article; brief mention of a few of his outstanding feats is all that can be presented. Bill was called on for special and dangerous services by every Oklahoma governor, except one, during his career as a law officer. President Theodore Roosevelt sent him on a special mission into old Mexico to bring out a fugitive from justice.

BEFORE Oklahoma achieved statehood, a Seminole Indian killed a white woman near Wewoka. A maddened mob caught two young Indians, *neither of them guilty,* and burned them alive.

Tilghman and Heck Thomas were assigned as special deputies, and rode into the blackjack hills to investigate. They rounded up the entire mob of fifteen men, in spite of hostile settlers and two attempts to drygulch them.

When it became obvious that no Oklahoma Territory jury would convict, Tilghman established the fact that the mob's crime had been committed just over the line in Indian Territory. This brought the case under federal jurisdiction, and eight of the mob were sent to prison.

This first known instance where members of a mob were actually convicted won acclaim from bar associations throughout the country. But Tilghman was not satisfied to let the case remain unsolved. He set out to find the real murderer.

Through a Seminole medicine man who had recently traded a fine pacing pony for "murder medicine," Bill learned of a young Seminole named Kano Harjo. He also learned that Harjo had written a letter to his sister at Emahaka Mission in which he admitted committing the murder. Tilghman secured the letter as evidence, arrested Kano Harjo and took him to the federal jail in Guthrie, Oklahoma.

True, there is no incident in Bill Tilghman's career to compare with the Earps' notorious fight with the Clanton-McLowery faction at the O. K. Corral in Tombstone, Arizona. But even today, more than three-quarters of a century later, fierce controversy rages over that fight. There is certainly strong support for the contention of many that the Earps and Doc Holliday went to the O. K. Corral intent on murder, found the Clantons and McLowerys only half armed, and blasted them down while their arms were lifted in surrender. No such disgraceful stigma has ever been attached to Bill Tilghman.

To continue:

Nowhere in Tilghman's record can you find an exploit to compare with New Buntline's dime novel tale of Wild Bill Hickok's slaughter of ten men in the McCanles fight at Rock Creek. Simple ordinary horse-sense should have disproved that yarn long ago; yet many folks accept it as fact. It seems fairly well established that vaunted Wild Bill was actually a psychotic killer, too unstable even to recognize his own deputy in a gunfight.

Tilghman can't even begin to match "Pistol Pete" Eaton's lurid autobiographical yarn of outshooting practically every desperado and law officer on the Western frontier. In telling contrast to all these shoot-'em-up heroics, Bill made this sober statement to his officers when he took over as Chief of Police in Oklahoma City:

"You don't have to make a lot of arrests to show me you are efficient. I'll rate you higher if your beat is kept quiet and orderly, without trouble."

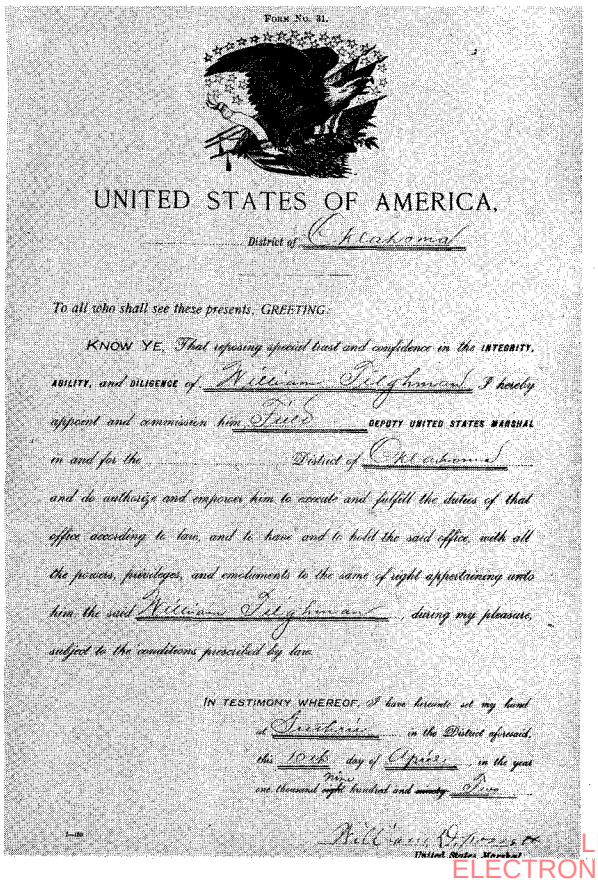
Those are the words of a responsible officer of the law, not a trigger-happy gunman who happens to be wearing a silver star.

MENTALLY, Tilghman rated with the best of modern detectives. During his tenure as a police official, a series of safe robberies broke out in central Oklahoma. Businessmen were in despair, ready to call in outside help from private detective agencies. It appeared that a gang of skilled, professional cracksmen were pulling the jobs.

"I'll see what I can do," Tilghman replied calmly to the anguished businessmen—and went to work. He learned that all the safes robbed had been manufactured by the Mosler Safe Company. Further investigation revealed that a book containing the combinations of the entire line of Mosler safes had recently disappeared from the Company office.

(Continued on page 40)

Left: Photostat of Tilghman's appointment as Deputy United States Marshal for the District of Oklahoma, in April, 1902. Right: Tilghman shown after capturing Dick West, alias Little Dick, leader of the Jennings Gang (reward $2600).



FORM No. 31.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

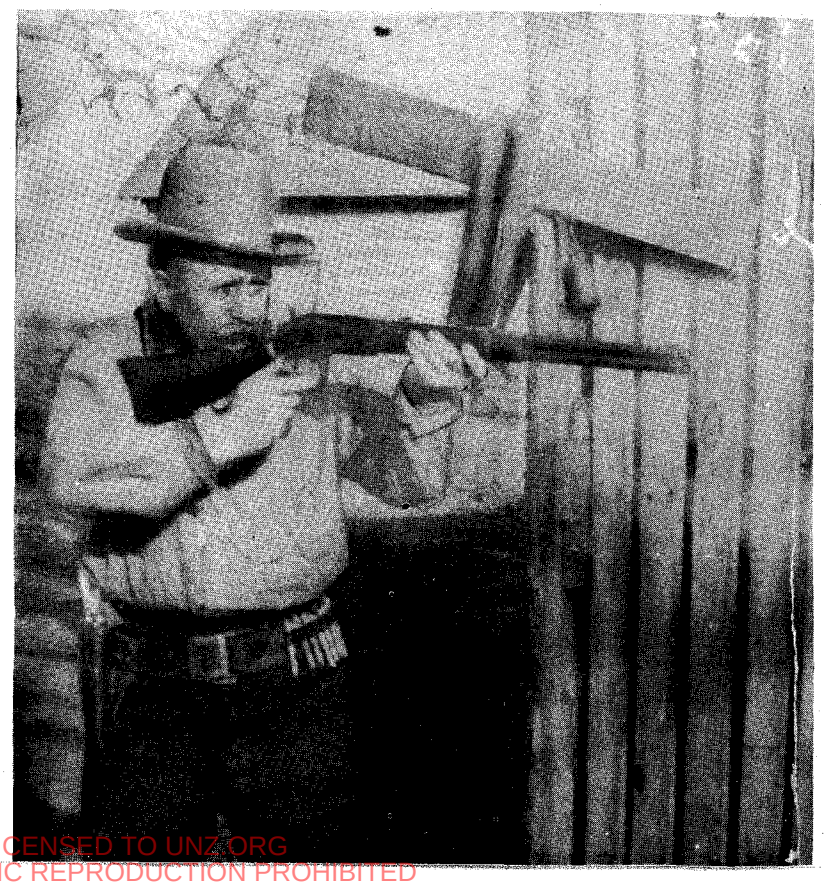
District of Oklahoma

To all who shall see these presents, GREETING:

KNOW YE, That reposing special trust and confidence in the INTEGRITY, ABILITY, and DILIGENCE of William Tilghman I hereby appoint and commission him Field DEPUTY UNITED STATES MARSHAL in and for the District of Oklahoma and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfill the duties of that office according to law, and to have and to hold the said office, with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments to the same of right appertaining unto him the said William Tilghman, during my pleasure, subject to the conditions prescribed by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand at Guthrie in the District aforesaid, this 10th day of April, in the year one thousand ~~eight~~ nine hundred and ~~ninety~~ Two.

William D. Poppett
United States Marshal



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NO GOD WEST OF FORT SMITH

BY GLENN SHIRLEY

The Indian country had become a maelstrom of racial hatred, rape, robbery and murder. Then, to the court bench at Fort Smith, came "Hanging Judge" Isaac Charles Parker!

Photos Courtesy
Fort Smith Chamber of Commerce
and Oklahoma Historical Society

ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1896, a tired, white-haired old man lay back on his pillow and died at Fort Smith, Arkansas. The grim battle between right and wrong in Oklahoma—the Armageddon of the West—had ended, and throughout the country, known then as the Indian Territory, little groups of silent men and women gathered outside the print shops of the scattered weekly newspapers to await the details.

The first copies of the *Indian Chieftain,* issued at Vinita on Thursday, two days later, were seized eagerly. Printed in Cherokee and English, red men and white men alike read this story:

> The death of Judge Isaac Charles Parker on Tuesday morning removes from the field of action one of the most unique characters in all the West. The people of this country are in mourning for the man whose peculiar relation to them for nearly a quarter of a century had made his name a household word. . . . They know that they have lost a powerful friend and ally. . . .

To the red man and law-abiding frontiersman of this vast area west of Arkansas, between Texas and Kansas to the Colorado line and No Man's Land, he had been the "rock of security." Indeed, they had lost a brother.

But the criminal and the desperado, to whom he had been "hell on the border," were glad. In the Fort Smith federal jail, which had at one time housed 244 felons, 59 of these murderers waiting to be executed, there was much rejoicing. "The devil's got de ole cuss dis time!" sang out one Negro convict. "Whoopee!" yelled another, and the others took up the refrain. Pandemonium would have broken loose had not astute jailers quickly quelled the agitation and locked each prisoner in his cell.

For the man who had sentenced 160 of their ilk to die, and hanged 79 of them, was dead.

And in plush Washington, Congressmen who had stripped him of his great jurisdiction, who did not know Judge Parker and had never witnessed the unspeakable indignities committed against helpless women and children, commented only: "The judge was cruel." By a few pen strokes they had swept away a judicial empire that had no equal in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

It pitched its first shadow across the Indian country with the passage of the Intercourse Act of 1834, which attached the territory to the Federal Judicial District of Arkansas and clothed the United States District Court with original, exclusive jurisdiction in all federal crimes except those committed by one Indian against the person or property of another. The discovery of gold in California, the advent of the Butterfield Overland stage, and trade with the Five Civilized Tribes brought so many white settlers to the border that business in the federal court materially increased, and in March, 1851, Congress divided the Federal Judicial District of Arkansas in two, the Western District including thirteen counties in western and northwestern Arkansas and all that enormous wild area west to the Colorado line and No Man's Land.

THE first court seat was at Van Buren, and was presided over by Judge Daniel Ringo, also judge of the Eastern District. Fourteen years later, in 1865, the court was moved five miles up the river to the site of old abandoned Fort Smith, and Henry C. Caldwell appointed first judge for its exclusive use.

The Fort Smith court was born, governing the largest area in the world, its authority absolute and final. But Judge Caldwell made little use of its power, dealing principally with whiskey and treason cases following the Civil War.

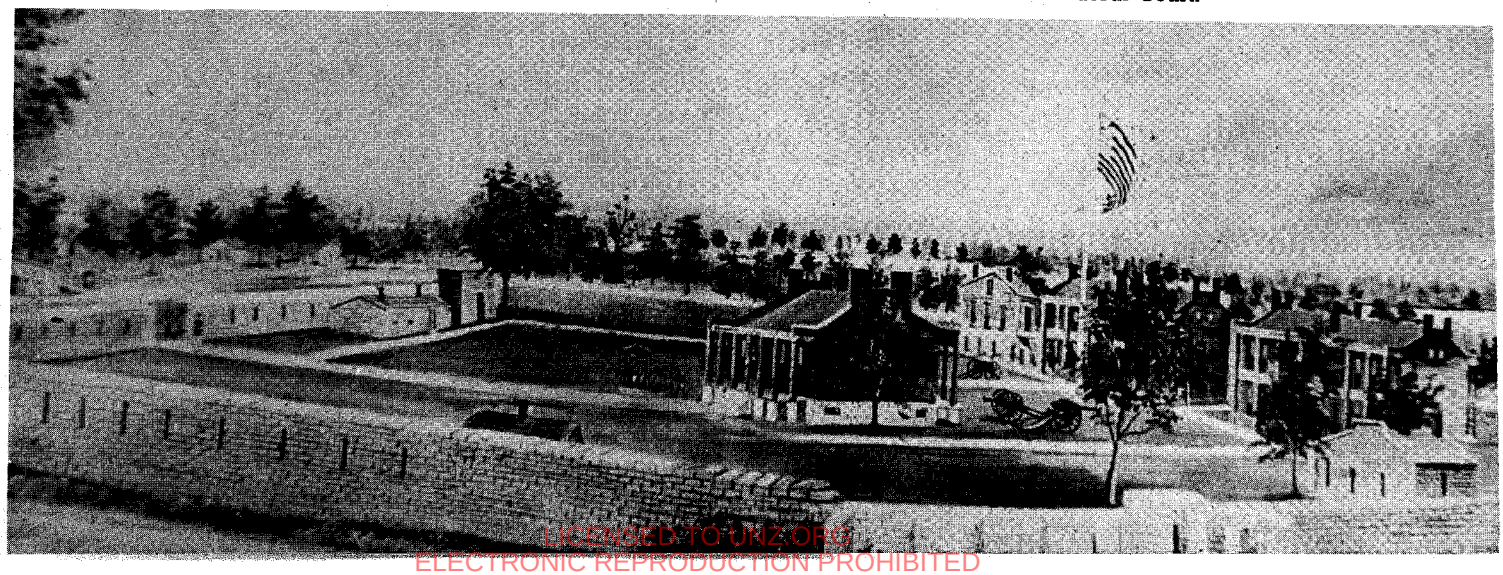
He was succeeded in 1872 by a young "carpetbag" lawyer named William Story. Story served less than fourteen months on the bench. His tenure was corrupt, Story himself was incompetent and finally charged with bribery. In July, 1874, he resigned to avoid impeachment proceedings.

Congress would have abolished the court at the time, but railroads were building into the Indian country. From Texas came the cattlemen, and white settlers swarmed in under the classification of "traders." Camps and towns sprang up overnight, and to them flocked the inevitable refuse humanity who prey on orderly society.

The Indian courts took no cognizance of these "criminal intruders." Tribal laws had no application to the white man, and there were no extradition laws effective by which a fugitive entering the Indian country could be extradited for his crime. It became a mecca for outlaws of all races, fugitives from the four corners of the nation and the most debased characters in the world.

They roamed at will, committing bloody atrocities against lone travelers. Many banded together to defy the law and raided cattle trails, settlements, railroads and freight caravans. They made forays into the border states of

Old, abandoned Fort Smith, which became the site of the famous Fort Smith Federal Court.



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Texas, Kansas and Missouri, robbed banks, stole horses and pillaged.

Through these scenes rode the gangs of Jim Reed and Belle Starr, the Daltons, the Rogers gang, the renegade Cooks and vicious Rufus Buck outlaws, and such hard-case characters as Ned Christie, Blue Duck, Jim French, Jack Spaniard, Cherokee Bill and Henry Starr.

Under the reign of Judge Story, the condition grew so bad that it gave rise to the phrase: "There is no God west of Fort Smith!"

By the time President Grant appointed Judge Parker to the Fort Smith bench, the Indian country had become a maelstrom of racial hatred, rape, robbery and murder.

JUDGE PARKER was born in 1838, in Belmont County, Ohio, where he had taught school and studied law. In 1859, he had migrated west and opened a law practice in St. Joseph, Missouri, later serving as city attorney, district prosecutor, and district judge. He became a firm believer in the dignity of the law and the idea that the wicked should suffer. As presidential elector he had helped cast Missouri's vote for Lincoln in 1864, and behind him lay two terms in Congress as representative from the Sixth Missouri District when he stepped to the Fort Smith bench.

He accepted the appointment in the face of the worst difficulties. A Republican, he had been sent to live in a militantly Democratic stronghold, where thinking men wondered if another mere "carpetbagger" had been foisted upon them. Story's extravagant and fraudulent expenditures, with but few convictions, had placed the court in ill repute, and Congress was so suspicious that it was almost impossible to procure funds for its operation. There was strong antagonism for its officers, the bar itself was openly rebellious, and the old stockade jail on the banks of the river was filled with prisoners awaiting trial.

Only thirty-seven years old, but a man of indomitable will, Judge Parker faced these obstacles fearlessly. Having lived through the bloody warfare of William Clarke Quantrill, Bloody Bill Anderson, and the Jameses and Youngers of western Missouri, he knew the type of ruthless refugees into whose hands the Indian country had been abandoned for years. Politics must be set aside. Politics could play no hand in bringing law and order to this frontier. The country's salvation lay in the hands of these Arkansas people, and only with their help and cooperation in tackling this "vast problem of crime" could he achieve his ideal, "a great Government, where liberty, regulated by law, would be guaranteed to all, even the humblest."

He partitioned the two-story brick barracks building of the old fort for a courtroom, jury rooms, and offices for attorneys, clerks and the marshal. He converted the large basement beneath it into a jail, and the log structure was abandoned. He took up chambers himself in the old commissary building, and on the site of the fort's powder magazine, three hundred feet away and in full view of his window, constructed a gallows with the capacity for launching twelve men to their deaths simultaneously.

THE people wanted proof that he wasn't a corruptionist, and they quickly got it. He opened his first term of court May 10, 1875. Eighteen persons came before him charged with murder and fifteen were convicted. On the morning of June 26, six of these, who had robbed their victims and left their bodies to rot on the plains, he sentenced to die on the scaffold together. Judge Parker was a large man, nearly six feet tall, and weighed over two hundred pounds. As he spoke the fatal words, his deep basso rolled to every corner of the room. When he had finished, he bowed his head and wept.

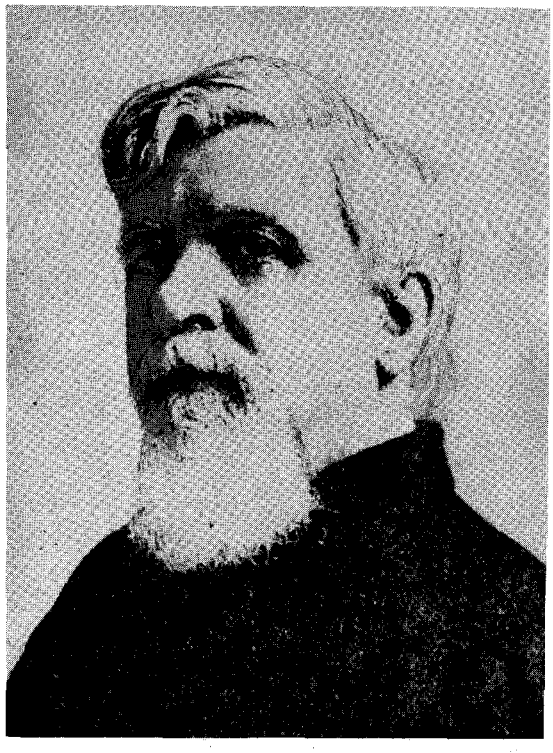
"I do not desire to hang you men," he said. "It is the law. Avarice, which is the curse of this age, has so poisoned your minds that civil war concerns you more than criminal law for the protection of life, limb and virtue."

The hanging of the first sextet called the attention of the world to the court and its judge. Newspaper men came from Little Rock, St. Louis and Kansas City, and great eastern and northern dailies sent representatives to report the event. More than five thousand spectators packed the jail yard and clung from the tops of the old fort's stone walls to see the six men die at the end of ropes with broken necks.

Another of Parker's first moves was to appoint two hundred deputy marshals, issue warrants for the members of all the notorious gangs, and order them brought in alive—or dead.

This was a tough assignment. Two hundred deputies were only a handful of men to cover an area of 74,000 square miles, where the outlaws knew every back trail and hideout. The task was even more difficult because citizens and even whole communities were forced to furnish the outlaws asylum in exchange for immunity.

But Parker chose straight-shooting,



The Hanging Judge, Isaac Charles Parker.

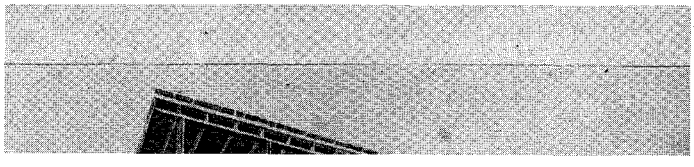
hard-riding, courageous men of the plains who knew the seriousness of their responsibility. They ranged through the trackless country, fording creeks and rivers, camping under the stars and eating with their Winchesters between their knees. They were the cream of intrepid fighters and they sought the cream of frontier badmen. They brought in the outlaws singly, in pairs and by the dozens. Two marshals once surprised Judge Parker with forty prisoners fastened together in chains, nine of whom were sentenced to the gallows.

All of this was not accomplished without danger to themselves. Sixty-five of these officers were killed in the field in line of duty, while their rifles and six-shooters tattooed the word "order" across the prairies.

THE FORT SMITH court became the most famous, and its judge the most relentless jurist in America. Less than four months after the execution of the first sextet, six more men were hanged at once.

With tireless energy, Judge Parker merged his court terms one into the

Left: The execution of Cherokee Bill. Right: The Rufus Buck Gang. They were captured and hanged as a quintet.



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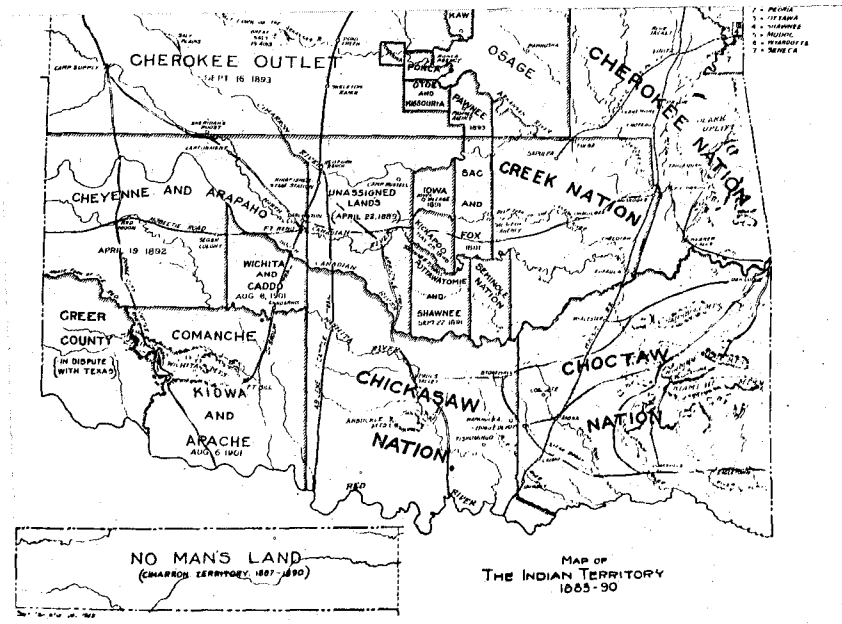

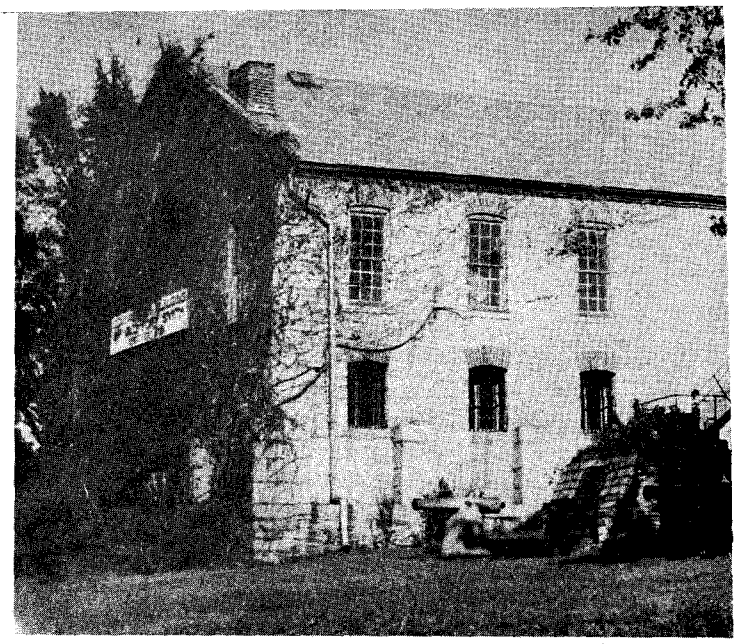

Left: Map of Indian Territory as it was when there was "No God West of Fort Smith." Right: The old commissary building at Fort Smith where the Judge had his quarters. This building is the only part of the original fort that stands today.

other, observing no holidays except Sunday and Christmas. He opened court at 8:30 A.M. and closed at dark, often holding night sessions during crowded periods at the request of attorneys. He lived half a mile from his chambers and walked to work every day. He chatted with the merchants on the street, showed an interest in their business, and championed their cause for schools, hospitals, and peaceful progress. His home was an open counsel to the poor and unfortunate, he contributed liberally to charitable causes and was a devoted husband and father. Although he never identified himself with any religious denomination until he joined his wife's church shortly before his death, he went to church every Sunday and possessed a strong religious disposition, as evidenced by the admonitions given the men he sentenced to death. On execution days he returned home and prayed.

If it seems strange that a man with such compassion could be so relentless in his fight against the outlaws, it was because he dealt with the scum of the earth.

"They were brutes, or demons rather, in human form," wrote the editor of the *Western Independent*. "Preying wolves upon the lives and property of their fellow beings, unfit to live and unsafe to remain at large."

The most men hanged on one occasion was half a dozen, but single and double hangings were so frequent and the dull thud of the gallows trap so commonplace, that street urchins playing outside the old fort's walls would shout: "There goes another man to hell with his boots on!"

Famous, too, became tall, long-whiskered George Maledon, who jerked the lever on sixty of the eighty men Judge Parker ordered to die. His ropes were hand-woven from special hemp fiber made in St. Louis, and he took personal pride in his ability to break a victim's neck without strangling him. Newspapermen dubbed him "Prince of Hangmen" and the scaffold on which he performed his duties "The Gates of Hell." Asked once if he had any qualms of conscience or feared the spirits of the departed, he replied: "I never hanged a man who came back to have the job done over."

Stern, inflexible, unafraid, Judge Parker met the open challenge of the desperado. Few escaped the long arm of his Fort Smith justice. Jim Reed was slain by deputies. Belle Starr was shot in the back by an outlaw she had threatened to betray to the law. Jack Spaniard was hanged for the murder of a deputy marshal. Jim French was killed robbing a store. Blue Duck was ambushed in the Nations, and the Cook gang went to prison. The Rogers gang was wiped out; the Daltons died trying to rob two banks at once at Coffeyville. Ned Christie was tracked down and killed after his daylight assassination of Deputy Dan Maples on the main street of Tahlequah, and the five Rufus Buck outlaws were rounded up and hanged as a quintet.

CHEROKEE BILL, one of the last and most notorious characters of them all, was credited with scores of robberies and slayings before he was finally brought to Fort Smith in chains and sentenced to death. While awaiting his trip to the scaffold, a crony smuggled him a revolver. With it he killed Guard Lawrence Keating and terrorized the prison before he was finally subdued. As he stood on the gallows with the noose around his neck, he exhibited all the defiance of the territory desperado. Asked if he had any last words, he snarled, "I came here to die—not to make a speech!"

Gradually a semblance of law and order began to take shape. Statistics may be cited as proof of Judge Parker's severity and the vast volume of his work. In twenty-one years on the bench he docketed 13,490 cases, not including petty charges that got no further than the commissioners' courts. Of this number 9,454 were convicted by trial juries or entered pleas of guilty, 344 for offenses punishable by death.

He became rank poison to the outlaw. They feared him and his court as they had never feared anything on earth, and across the Indian country they denounced him as "Hanging Parker," "Butcher Parker," and "Bloody Parker." Out in No Man's Land a sign stood at the crossing of two major trails. On it was the crude lettering: "500 Miles to Fort Smith." A band of horse thieves fleeing from a posse paused long enough to empty their rifles and six-shooters into the board. When the posse arrived at the spot, two words had been added. The sign now read: "500 Miles to Fort Smith —AND HELL."

For most of them Parker made the distance much shorter.

His reputation as "The Hanging Judge" spread until curious witnesses from points as far distant as London and Paris ventured to the wild region to watch the proceedings in court and hear his pronouncements of doom. Of law there was little. His rulings on the bench established precedents that were referred to for years afterward. There was no delay, subterfuge, red tape or technicalities. He dispatched legal business promptly, as was necessary where the volume was so great with only his court to function, and seldom modified his instructions to the juries. He demanded that they either hang or acquit.

For fourteen years after he stepped to the helm of civilization's outpost, there was no appeal from his decisions. Then Congress provided that after May 1, 1889, the right of appeal to the United States Supreme Court would lie in all cases where the punishment was death.

Judge Parker was irked. All these years he had borne alone the great responsibility Congress had placed upon him. Why was it now necessary to share it with the Supreme Court?

"Back of this change," he commented, "there is a maudlin sentimentality that condones a crime on which the blood stains have dried."

DEFENSE attorneys who knew the conditions in the Indian country respected Judge Parker's view of the matter, but they respected also the right of appeal. Too often, in his zeal to rid the territory of its criminals, Judge Parker had dominated the juries with his powerful personality.

In his first murder trial, Cherokee Bill was ably defended, and there was strong belief among court attache's that there might be an acquittal. Judge Parker also shared this doubt of conviction; and as he finished his instructions to the jury, and before they retired to consider a verdict, he said, "Gentlemen, do your duty." And when they brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, he commented, "Gentlemen, you have done your duty." He then ordered the hotel manager where the jury ate its meals: "Prepare a good dinner for these men. They deserve it!"

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Left: George Maledon, "Prince of Hangmen," who pulled the lever on 60 of the 79 men sentenced to death by Judge Parker. Right: Ned Christie (No. 5, dead man on slab) and the posse who tracked him down and killed him after his daylight assassination of a U. S. marshal.

But so fearful were these attorneys of incurring the judge's displeasure that it was not until ten more murderers had been sentenced to death that the right of appeal was exercised in behalf of a client. The criminal was William Alexander, convicted of slaying his partner and stealing his horses and money. The lawyer was J. Warren Reed, a newcomer to the Fort Smith bar.

Reed had practiced law in four states and the supreme court of West Virginia before he came to Fort Smith to defend Belle Starr, the Bandit Queen. Noting the volume of business handled by the famous tribunal, he opened a permanent practice. He appealed Alexander's case on grounds that Judge Parker, over the objection of the defendant, had permitted the admission of Alexander's confidential communication to his attorney concerning ownership of the horses on grounds that such communications were admissible as a matter of public policy to prove the guilt or innocence of the accused.

The Supreme Court reversed Parker and accused him of flouting the established rule that confidential communications between attorney and client were never admissible when the defendant objected.

Alexander was tried again, and the jury stood five to seven for acquittal. At a third trial nearly a year later, the jury again failed to agree, and the district attorney, convinced that he could not secure a conviction, consented to a *nolle prosequi.*

OTHER prominent cases followed, and Judge Parker was reversed many times. Reed became a much sought-after attorney, and other lawyers, encouraged by his temerity, appealed their cases. New trials were granted, charges reduced, and acquittals won. During his first seven years at the Fort Smith bar, Reed alone defended or assisted in the defense of 134 persons charged with capital offenses, and lost only two clients to the gallows.

These appeals affected Judge Parker deeply. In an interview by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* on July 30, 1895, he stated:

> You ask why that while crime in a general way has decreased in the Indian country very much in the last twenty years, murders are on the increase. . . . I attribute the increase to the reversals of the Supreme Court. . . . The convicted murderer has a long breathing spell before his case comes before the court of appeal; then, when it does come before that body, the conviction may be quashed; and wherever it is quashed it is always upon the flimsiest technicalities. The Supreme Court never touches the merits of the case.
>
> I am mindful of the wise and merciful provision of the law which declares it is better that ninety-nine guilty ones should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. Nor am I devoid of human sympathy, because I have endeavored to carry out the law justly and fearlessly. But sympathy should not be reserved wholly for the criminal. I believe in standing on the side of the innocent! Isn't the life of one good citizen worth more to the community and to society at large than the lives of a hundred murderers?

A review of the thirty-seven reversals of his court shows that most of the errors Judge Parker made were the outgrowth of his philosophy that law was a subject beyond the experience of the average frontier juror and that they needed guidance. The polyglot section of American society, so entirely different in its legal setup than any other in the United States, with many nations within the western district and each possessing its own system of laws and courts, created judicial difficulties that required extensive explanations to juries.

When an offense occurred in which whites, blacks, foreigners and Indians were involved, jurisdiction could not be determined by color or race alone. The reconstruction treaties of 1866 had freed the Indian's slaves. Previous treaties had established the immunities of adopted or naturalized citizens, and the slaves, when freed and adopted, became Indians in the sight of the law, with the immunities of the Indian. Evidence had to substantiate the significant statement of the indictment, "a white man and not an Indian," or "a negro and not an Indian," for if it was proved during the trial that the parties to the crime were Indians, either by blood, treaty or adoption, the indictment was quashed.

The judge of the United States court had to know the laws of the Indian Nations, and they were not the same in bestowing citizenship. Parker had to explain these treaties and laws to the juries; he quoted Scripture, gave illustrations and used figures of speech to employ language within the grasp of these lowly-trained men, and consequently his charges amounted to from twenty to fifty pages of material. On one occasion Solicitor General Edward D. Whitney complained that "in one case on my desk his charge contains 70 large and closely typewritten pages where five pages would have been ample."

THE SUPREME COURT knew these conditions, but the majority of the justices felt that his lengthy discourses from the bench "infringed upon the rights of the accused;" that his charges went beyond mere exposition and became "inaccurate, prolix and prejudicial toward the defendant;" and that his strong feeling against corrupt and lawless characters often caused him so to explain the rule of evidence as to take the evidence away from the jury and "confuse the law as to its weight and competence."

On the other hand, the court reversed Parker many times on points not raised by defense attorneys. Instead of insisting that they specify the exceptions, the justices allowed "general exceptions," as in the Alexander case. Dissenting in a case in November, 1893, Justice David J. Brewer scored the court because errors "were challenged by only a single exception running to them as an entirety." Several other cases were sent back to Parker where "no sufficient exception was taken."

Often, too, the court "sacrificed justice to the merest kind of objection." In a case appealed in November, 1895, the court admitted the assignments of error were "so obviously frivolous that no discussion of them is necessary."

Under the federal judicial system a federal judge could express rather freely his opinion on the weight of evidence in a criminal case. Parker was "prone

(Continued on page 35)

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DID THE DUTCHMAN FIND MONTEZUMA'S TREASURE?

BY CARL HOWE

Another article supplying background material on the Dutchman and his Lost Mine. We believe that this article just about completes the pattern on fabled Jacob Walzer. We COULD be wrong, so we're not arbitrarily closing the door on old Jake. Some more interesting dope may come up in the future—who knows?

IN 1858, in the hell-roaring town of San Francisco on the edge of the famous Barbary Coast, William Gaylord was born. His father drove stage from Frisco to Sacramento, and was killed by road agents three years after his son's birth. Little Billy's mother married, two years later, a man named James Endicott.

Endicott and his brother Tom were in Frisco trying to buy machinery to operate a silver mine they had discovered in Arizona. After completing their business in Frisco, the Endicotts returned to Wickenberg, Arizona, and it was there that Billy Gaylord grew to manhood. Today, he's still known as Billy Gaylord, or—to close friends—as "Pop" because of his advanced age.

For several years Billy worked for Henry Wickenberg, either personally or about the famous Vulture Mine. While employed there, he met Jacob Walzer—a fellow worker at the mine.

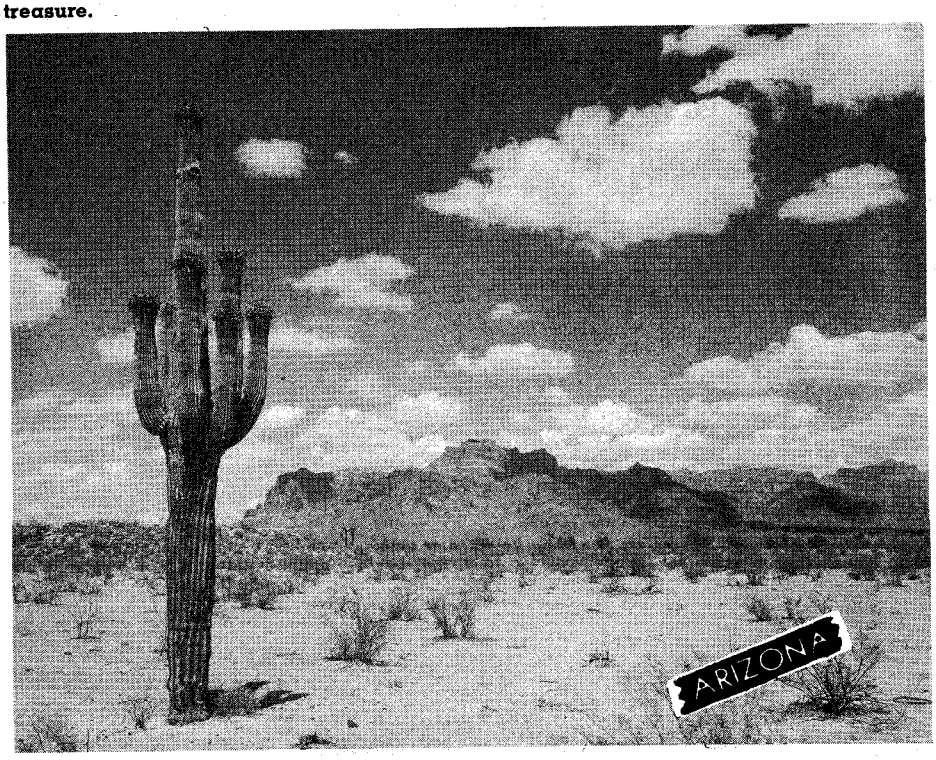
After Billy quit working at the Vulture, he drove stage to Hill City (Phoenix) and return. Later, he drove Hill City—Tucson, Hill City-Yuma runs. On several occasions Jacob Walzer was a passenger to and from these various towns.

At the time of Walzer's employment at the Vulture Mine he was about 64 or 65 years of age. Jake worked at the mine nine or ten months in the year 1873. Billy used to carry messages to Walzer while he was underground sampling or inspecting stopes and general mining conditions. Finally, Jake quit, packed up his burro and took to the hills.

Two years later, Billy met Walzer in Hill City. The Dutchman had just sold several thousand dollars worth of virgin gold, which—according to reports in after years—he had high-graded from the Vulture and other mines where he had worked. Of course, in order to dispose of gold one had to have a claim or mine and papers filed on same. Jake took care of that little item by filing on a claim in the Superstition Mountains in a region not even considered good prospecting country.

In 1876, Billy took to prospecting on his own. On his first trip into the hills near Prescott—then the Territorial Capitol—he met Walzer again. He formed an alliance with the Dutchman that lasted two years. During the winter months of both these years they prospected the valley area around Castle, Hot Springs on the Big Horn, in and around Hillside and Congress Junction.

The Superstition Mountains: scene of mysterious murders, hiding place of untold treasure.



TOGETHER, they made several small strikes and panned considerable dust in and about the famous Hassayampa. They returned to Hill City and sold about $15,000 worth of dust and nuggets. Billy said *adios* to Jake in front of the Old Adobe bar in Hill City, and went on to his mother's home in Wickenberg and gave her his money. Earlier that year his stepfather had lost his life while working his silver mine. Due to poor timbering, the mountain "walked" and poor Jim was buried alive when the apex (opening) of the tunnel closed.

Keeping only enough money to outfit himself for another prospecting trip. Billy returned by stage to Hill City in the hope that Walzer was still there. "Old Jake" after a week's ripsnorting spree, had taken off into the hills in the direction of Payson. He followed the Salt River to where it joined with the Verde, and on up as far as old Fort McDowell. While camped in this area, Jake was wounded by an Apache arrow.

Billy Gaylord found him wounded, and brought him to the doctor at Fort McDowell. With Jake taken care of at the Fort, Billy went back to the scene of the ambush to see if he could retrieve Walzer's burro and supplies. The trip was in vain—the Apaches had taken everything except a shovel, miner's pick, and a few cans of blasting powder.

Only occasionally in the years that followed did Billy meet and talk to old Jake. Not once did he question him about "The Lost Gold Mine" which Jake claimed to have found. This was a matter of speculation among the old-timers. Few believed the Dutchman's claim, yet it is true that hundreds of gold-hungry men trekked into the Superstitions in an effort to find the mine. All returned empty-handed.

None of the men who went into the mountains after gold found a trace of color. Neither did they see hide nor hair of the hostile Apaches who were supposed to live there and guard the mine. More than that, the returning prospectors stated that they had not seen a single campsite where the Apaches might have lived.

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About 1883 or '84, Billy heard the yarn of old Jake killing his partner over the treasure they were supposed to have found in the Superstitions. Nothing was ever done by the authorities to ascertain the truth of this story; Walzer was never questioned regarding it. Nor was there ever any record of "mass killings" by old Jake, as so many sensation-seeking writers are prone to state. Murder was murder, and not to be condoned—even in those free-and-easy times.

Billy Gaylord was in Hill City in 1891, at the time the River Salt went on its famous rampage for several days and nights. Billy worked hard and steadily, rescuing families stranded by the flood along the river banks and in the river bottoms. Jacob Walzer saved his life by climbing into a small mesquite tree and tying himself fast. He was marooned there for two days and two nights.

RIGHT here the stories differ as to the Dutchman's rescuers. Billy Gaylord insists that a man named Johnny Griejalva and his son, Juan Jr., cut the Dutchman loose from the tree and took him to their home. Later, they took him to the home of Mrs. Thomas, a Negro woman.

Because of his age and physical condition, Walzer contracted pneumonia. He suffered a long illness, which left him paralyzed and in a state of coma. He never regained consciousness sufficiently to leave a will or tell where his buried treasure was concealed.

After the flood waters had subsided, a search was made about and through the ruins of Walzer's 'dobe shack, but no gold or treasure maps were ever found. Six months later Old Jacob died and was buried in a pauper's grave in the city cemetery. No marker or headstone marks the spot where Old Jacob lies, nor is the humble place he called "home" set aside and preserved in his memory.

No records can be found as to what became of all the gold he sold and the gold he is supposed to have hidden. One thing alone is certain—he had no gold about him when he died.

There seems to be a consensus among writers that the Dutchman found hidden treasure buried in the Superstitions, but no fabulous gold mine. The legend of "The Thunder God's Gold" stored in the Superstitions for the Apaches' use could not be verified by any Apaches Billy Gaylord questioned.

After Jacob Walzer's death in 1891, more and more treasure stories began to circulate. Billy decided to trek into the Superstitions himself to see what he could discover on his own. He followed the trail left by the Peralta brothers, of Sonora, Mexico, and thoroughly checked all the country where he found one of their old *arrastas*. He never located any gold in any form, and finally gave up the idea that the Dutchman ever had discovered a gold mine.

He became convinced that Walzer had actually found a buried treasure—perhaps the fabled "Aztec Buried Treasure" itself. To find out more concerning this legendary treasure trove, Billy decided to go to Mexico.

Accordingly, in 1892, Gaylord pulled up stakes and took off for Old Mexico. His purpose was to find out all he could about the long-lost Aztec treasure.

ARRIVING in Mexico City, Billy set to work in the archives of the Military Department, reading all available material on the history of Cortez's first conquest of the Aztecs, and his subsequent forced retreat. He learned how Cortez had captured the Aztec ruler, Montezuma, and how Montezuma had begged his people to kill him rather than let him be carried away as a prisoner. Guatomozin, chief counsellor to Montezuma and leader of his warriors, took a bow and arrow from a nearby warrior and shot the arrow that killed Montezuma.

All Montezuma's family was captured by Cortez with the exception of one daughter, Nezetin, who was in love with Guatomozin. After Montezuma's death and Cortez's retreat, Nezetin married Guatomozin and they became the rulers of the Aztec people. Montezuma's other daughter was carried away to Spain, and was later married to a captain in Cortez's army. Cortez returned to Mexico a few years later with a much stronger force, and this time broke the power of the proud Aztecs forever.

The Aztec Indians were a highly industrious people. They lived in villages, farming the land about them. They had a form of irrigation, and built roadways from village to village. The women were excellent pottery makers and weavers of rugs and clothing; the men were adept at making fine jewelry in silver and gold. According to Aztec history, vast amounts of gold, silver, and jewelry were stored in a place called "Montezuma's Sunken Gardens."

After Cortez's first invasion, the new Aztec ruler, Guatomozin, placed a constant guard on the highlands along the ocean to watch for the Spaniards' return. When the first ship of Cortez's returning armada was sighted at sea, fast runners carried the news to Guatomozin.

Guatomozin's first act upon hearing of the approach of the Spaniards was to gather up all the vast wealth of the nation and pack it in hide sacks. This fabulous treasure was intrusted to the High Priest, who supervised its transfer to secret hiding places in the mountains. According to the legend, the treasure-bearing slaves traveled in a north-westerly direction for many moons and then came to a mountain on the edge of a desert. There, in that gloomy, desolate place, the treasure was hidden and the slaves put to death and buried with the treasure. A curse was put upon the treasure and the mountain itself—a curse to be promptly invoked were the treasure ever to be molested.

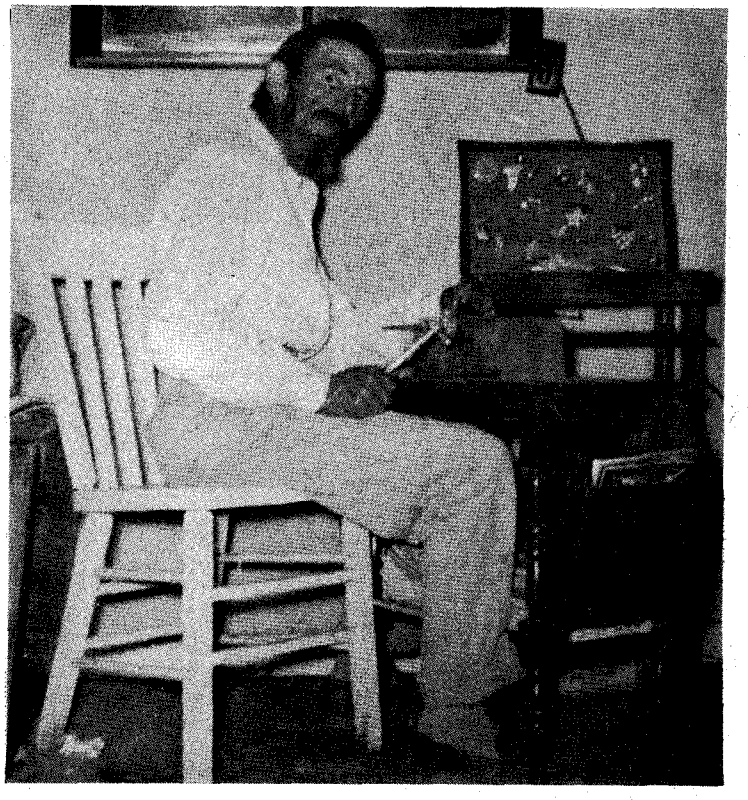
Billy searched Aztec ruins assiduously; read all the historic documents he could find. He studied the Mexican and Indian languages for years, to enable him to run down every story, every lead. Billy finally concluded that the Apache Indians came from Mexico to Arizona. This conclusion gave credence to the theory that it was the hidden treasure of Montezuma that Old Jacob found. The legend stated that the treasure was composed of silver, great quantities of rings and ornaments, and *raw, pure gold!*

I am not a publicity seeker, nor do I have any ulterior motive in writing this story which I believe to be nearer the truth than any other I have heard or read in my fifty years of residence in Arizona. For a half-century I have been greatly interested in this legend. I have talked to many old-timers, to get their version of this hidden wealth. I knew that none of these men knew any more about the gold's location than I did, but I talked with them all in the hope that I could gain some new view-point which might enable me to locate the treasure myself at some future day.

I have made several prospecting trips into the mountains with Billy Gaylord—a man who, in my opinion, knows Arizona as no other living man. In 1906, when I came to Arizona, it was still a territory. Many who were here then were

(Continued on page 41)

The Author, looking over part of his mineral collection. An inveterate "rock hound." Mr. Howe has prospected throughout the Superstitions.



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SYNOPSIS:

About sixty years ago, the dreaded Hole-in-the-Wall gang of outlaws roamed across the West from Montana in the north to Texas in the south. Their famous hideouts were the Hole-in-the-Wall in the Big Horn Mountains of Wyoming, and Robbers' Roost in an almost inaccessible part of Utah. Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack, and the original leader of the gang, was wounded in a battle with lawmen in Turkey Creek Canyon, Colfax, New Mexico, and escaped only to be captured by a rancher. He died in prison. His brother, Black Jack Ketchum, was wounded by a daring conductor while trying to hold up a train single-handed. The story resumes with Black Jack in San Rafael Hospital at Trinidad, Colorado, awaiting trial for robbery and murder.

From An Old Newspaper Clipping:

"Trinidad, Colo.—1899. G. W. Shields, Sheriff of Tom Green County, Texas, and Bige Duncan, a resident of Knickerbocker, a town in the same county, arrived this morning from Santa Fe and will leave tonight over the Colorado & Southern for their respective homes. Mr. Shields was sent to Santa Fe by the Wells-Fargo Express Company to identify Tom Ketchum, the notorious outlaw better known as Black Jack. They arrived in Santa Fe Monday and shortly afterward went to the penitentiary and had a long talk with Ketchum. Sheriff Shields has known the outlaw for many years, having been a neighbor of the Ketchum's and played with the boys when they were children.

"When he stepped into the hospital ward where Ketchum was confined, he immediately recognized the prisoner and the latter knew him. Before the visit was concluded, Ketchum broke down completely and cried like a child. Mr. Shields was first elected Sheriff of Tom Green County in 1888 and conducted the office so acceptably that he has been re-elected by an overwhelming majority each succeeding election.

"Tom Ketchum talked with him quite freely and seemed overjoyed to see him. Sheriff Shields is a tall, handsome man, and his features denote caution and unbounded courage. Mr. Shields says Tom Ketchum was the first man he ever arrested. The offense for which he was arraigned was for disturbing public worship. Ketchum had shot a dog and was raising a racket about a church. Ketchum finally turned out as an outlaw, although his brother, Berry, and sister pleaded with him to abandon such a life. He continued his outlawry.

"Monday was the first time Sheriff Shields had seen Black Jack since about 1892 or 1893, although he has hunted him ever since and spent something like $3,000 in the pursuit. When Sheriff Shields asked Black Jack how he was getting along, the outlaw answered: 'Very well, I am sorry to say.' The doctors now think he will get well.

"Black Jack told the sheriff that he would never be hung, that he would make a dash for liberty first and be shot down. Sheriff Shields says he will do that very thing if an opportunity affords, and offers to bet a box of cigars with every officer in Las Animas County that the outlaw will not stretch hemp. He will commit suicide or be killed while trying to escape.

" 'KETCHUM will not hesitate to attempt to break through a line of 150 well-armed guards,' Mr. Shields says. 'He has great nerve, although I think his brother Sam had better,' continued the Sheriff. The two outlaw brothers, neither of whom was ever married, come from a splendid family and their brother and sister are heart-broken over the lives they have led. Sheriff Shields says McGinnis is a 'Ringer.' He thinks he may be a safe cracker or some general all-around crook and that train robbing is a new business to him.

"Mr. Duncan is a brother-in-law of the Ketchum boys, having married their sister. He made the trip with Sheriff Shields for the purpose of satisfying himself that the party really was Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. Mr. Duncan has the appearance of a perfect gentleman and said to a reporter for the *Trinidad Chronicle-News* that the relatives were all broken up over the downfall of the boys. His wife, he says, did not yet positively know that it was her brother, Tom, in the penitentiary. Mr. Duncan did not care to talk but little, and choked up several times during the conversation, and it was with difficulty that he controlled his feeling and kept back the tears."

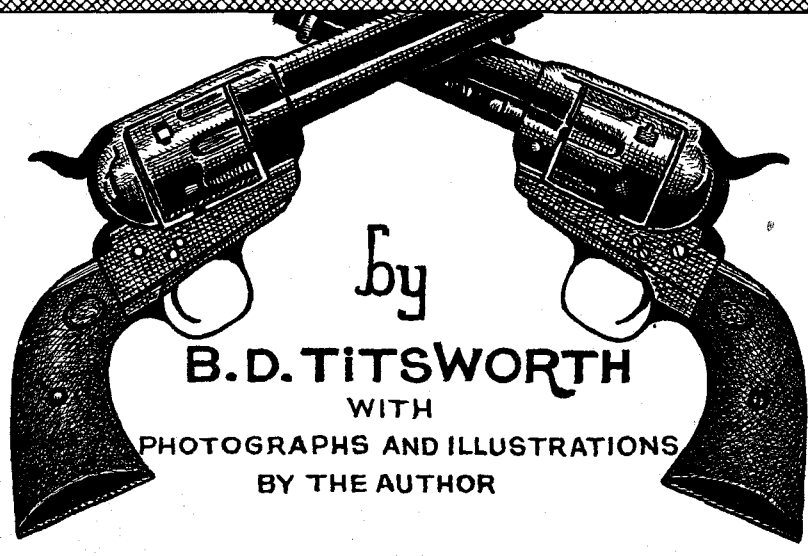
THE question is whether his outlaw gang had the nerve that Black Jack had—the nerve to kill and kill. His own courage was equalled only by his contempt for human life.

A tale was told that one day a Mexican rode into San Angelo, Texas, wearing a magnificent sombrero, all a-glitter with silver braid. Black Jack coveted it, and he knew but one way to get it. The Mexican was not quick to give up the hat, but soon had no use for it, for dead men's heads are just as well uncovered. Ketchum looked very well in that hat.

While being held at San Rafael Hospital in Trinidad, Colorado, he was guarded daytime by Deputy Harry D. Lewis and

Grim retribution comes for Black Jack Ketchum, leader of the

Hole-in-the-Wall Gang



by

B. D. TITSWORTH

WITH

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE AUTHOR

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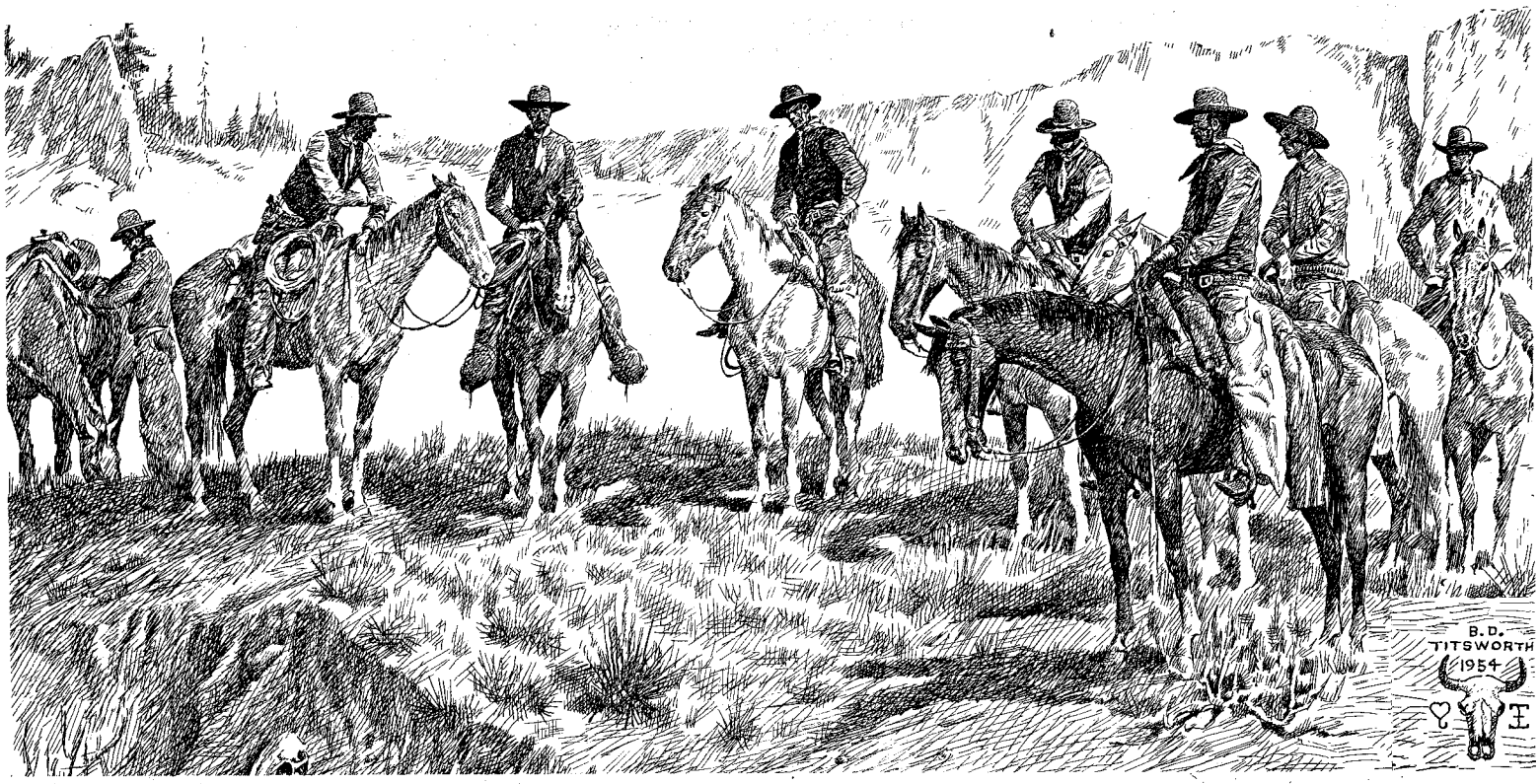

In their remote hideouts, Black Jack Ketchum's gang carefully planned their train, bank and stage robberies.

by Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth at night. Although he had maintained to others that he was alone in the hold-up enterprise, he admitted to Deputy Sheriff Titsworth that there were others in the plot. However, he would not reveal their identity. He had seemed anxious to die from the start and refused to have his shattered arm amputated, although the physician told him it was the only means of saving his life.

When told by Deputy Sheriff Titsworth that McGinnis had been captured, he became very restless and ugly and begged the officer for a gun that he might kill himself. One night when he thought the officer was asleep, Black Jack removed the bandage from his arm, tied it around his neck and placing his foot in a loop at the end tried to commit suicide by strangulation. The officer was watching his movements and put a stop to the game.

His trial came up in the fall before District Judge William J. Mills of Clayton, N. M. Jerry Leahy, who died years ago, at Raton, N. M., was District Attorney at the time. The jury assessed the death penalty and Judge Mills set the date of hanging on October 5th, 1900. The case was on appeal a year and the hanging set finally March 22nd, 1901. Governor M. A. Otero of the Territory of New Mexico granted a stay on April 26th, 1901.

From an Old Newspaper Clipping:

READY TO MEET DEATH

Black Jack Ketchum Has Given up Hope —He Will Hang Tomorrow.

"Clayton, N. M., April 25th., 1901.—(Special)— A special train bearing the famous outlaw, Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, arrived from Santa Fe, N. M., (where his trial was held) over the Colorado & Southern Railroad yesterday morning at 5:30. The train was in charge of Sheriff Salome Garcia of this county assisted by ten guards, consisting of deputy sheriffs, deputy United States marshals and railroad detectives. Upon arrival he was immediately taken to the jail. But upon his request was allowed to inspect the scaffold from which he will swing tomorrow.

"He also inspected the stockade. He expressed himself well pleased with the arrangements except the stockade, which he wanted torn down, so that 'The boys may see me hang,' as he expressed it. He was in possession of his usual nerve and was in fine humor. He facetiously remarked while inspecting the scaffold: 'It looks good, but I think they ought to hang Harrington on it first, and if it works all right, they might try me.' Harrington was the conductor who shot Black Jack's arm off. He spent a quiet night and ate heartily."

THE BOGUS RESPITE

"At about 8 o'clock the following night a message from Santa Fe, N. M. signed by Governor Otero, was received by the Sheriff here, instructing him to postpone the execution for thirty days at the request of President McKinley. It caused great excitement in the circle of guards here, and it was generally supposed Black Jack would never hang.

"After investigation it was found the telegram was bogus. The signature of Governor Otero and the seal of N. M. had been forged by some of Black Jack's friends somewhere. The telegram caused considerable uneasiness for fear that an effort would be made to rescue him even on the gallows."

In jail, as he watched the final construction of the scaffold on which he was to die, Black Jack contemptuously declined the Administrations of a Catholic priest. He refused to repent. He asked the priest to go for a fiddler so they could dance. "I'll die as I lived, Padre," he said. Before Judge Mills passed sentence of death on him at his trial in Santa Fe, N. M., he asked Black Jack if he had anything to say. "I'd like to shave the District Attorney," was the cool retort.

On the day of his execution he said he wished they would hurry so that he would get to hell in time for supper. To his executioners he sent his compliments with the express wish he would see them in hell. He said one nice thing about going to hell was he'd "have two good arms after he got there." He touched the stump of his right arm. Conductor Harrington's sawed-off shotgun had carried the rest of it away.

He said that while his gang was holed up in their Hole-in-the-Wall hide-out, Billy Carver said: "Tom, if the law ever captures and hangs you, come back and tell me how it feels. I might want to try it myself some day!" Black Jack laughed.

COURAGE was the one virtue of the black-haired outlaw, it has been said. But Ketchum had one other gift—the rare gift of humor. It is not every man that can joke with death. Tom could. Black Jack liked music; a violinist and guitar player played for him while he ate his last meal of fried chicken.

"What shall we play?" asked J. R. Guyer, the violinist.

"Oh, Just as the Sun Went Down," responded Black Jack with a grin.

When it came time for Black Jack to ascend the scaffold, the sun was out of sight. A terrific wind blew around the corners of the jail and deluged the little crowd of spectators with sand and gravel. The sun came out again when his body was hauled up the hill in the wagon. The wind died away, and a peacefulness came upon the scene—like the feeling of relief that it was all over.

From an old Newspaper Clipping:

THE LAST DAY OF "BLACK JACK" ON EARTH

His gang had planned to rescue him, but the Cards were against the scheme—Predicted death of three men.

"Clayton, N. M., April 26th, 1901. —It was 1:14 p.m. by the thick gold watch of Sheriff Garcia. He had just gone to Black Jack in his cell and said to him 'The time is now.'

"Out in the rough stockade of the Clayton jail the guests were gathered. They had waited for almost on hour to see Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum die. The wind blew like blasts from the bellows of an angry god, lifting sand and gravel from the jail yard and hurling the mixture upon the impatient and snorting crowd. Down in the town the

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ARREST FOR MURDER AND HORSE STEALING.

The following described persons charged with the murder of Geo. A. Wellman, a deputy U. S. Marshal of Wyoming, while in the discharge of his duty, near Buffalo, Johnson County, Wyoming, May 10, 1892, and who have fled from Wyoming, going south about a month or more ago, on horseback, and driving a band of 30 or 40 horses, think part of them are stolen, part or all branded TX and some may also be branded XL connected, the latter brand may lately have been changed from open A L, thus, Λ— to X—; if any are of the latter brand they have been stolen; they may have traded or sold part of said band of horses in Northwestern Colorado or Eastern Utah on their may south.

Ed. Cherpoloid, alias "One-Eyed Tex," age about 36 years, 5 feet 9 inches high, weight about 150 lbs., think it is left eye gone, vulgar talker and braggart, round-up cook and cow-puncher.

Henry Smith, about 35 or 40 years old, 6 feet high, weighs 165 to 175 lbs., think light complexion, dark or sandy hair and mustache, usually wore mustasche but may grow beard, cocks one eye in talking, great talker, [illegible] blower, rather long thin nose, long legged, [illegible] Spanish has been [illegible] to south America and Mexico, hard looking.

Johnson Long, age 34, 5 feet 7 inches high, weighs about 135, slim, dark hair, white mustache, gray eyes, bow-legged, walks with head down, poses as a bad man and cowboy.

There may be another man or two along whom I am unable to describe; the above parties may separate. I hold U. S. warrants for Smith and Long for murder and will pay a liberal reward for their arrest or either of them. "Tex" and others are wanted for stealing horses if they have any of the above Λ— or X— branded horses with them.

Wire or address,

JOSEPH P. RANKIN,
U. S. Marshal, Wyoming.
Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Cheyenne, Wyo., August 25, 1892.

☞ Johnson County, Wyoming, offers $2,500 reward for the conviction of murderers of Wellman.

Type of circular sent to Deputy Sheriffs and U.S. Marshals, warning them to be on lookout for wanted criminals, murderers, and outlaws in the early days of the West.

citizens who had no tickets of admission to the stockade stood on the sidewalk and waited or solemnly filed into the saloons for drinks.

"A vast and intangible weight was upon the town. Business was suspended—save for the melancholy business of filing into the saloons for drinks. No man spoke save in whispers, for all knew that in one, two or five minutes Black Jack would swing.

"'We had no other thing to do,
Save wait for the thing to come;
So, like things of stone in a valley lone
Quiet we sat and dumb;
But each man's heart beat thick and quick,
Like a madman on a drum.'

"While the crowd waited, and the wind blew sandily, there came from the south, avoiding the town and striking straight across the prairie, a cowpuncher on a beautiful bay horse, in a full gallop. When he came within a few yards of the jail, he slowed his horse's speed to a trot and rode with a business-like but quiet demeanor up to the fence, tied his horse, placed his hand upon the fence and leaped over. He walked straight to the gate, presented a ticket of admission and entered.

A Recognition

"The appearance of Black Jack at the door of the jail was expected at any instant, and save for one Mexican sheepherder, this cowpuncher was the last man to enter. He walked to a spot where he could command a good view of the jail door and of the scaffold and stationed himself there very quietly, and without word or nod to anybody, and with only the briefest look around the stockade. A number of men who were not too absorbed in their scrutiny of the jail door, saw him come in and noticed him.

"He was tall, splendidly formed and stood erect and with shoulders thrown back fearlessly. He wore a broad brimmed white hat, a brown checked coat, dark flannel shirt, white silk neckerchief, corduroy trousers and high-heeled boots with big spurs attached to them. He was smooth shaven and tanned deeply; and his dark eyes were watchful, though at first they looked at ease beneath their black brows.

"The stranger stood there barely two minutes when the jail door opened and Black Jack appeared with Sheriff Garcia on one side and Detective Chambers on the other. All eyes immediately fell upon the condemned man. Dressed in a black suit, with white shirt and black tie, his face robbed of its tan by a year of imprisonment, his glossy black hair and silky brown mustache neatly trimmed and brushed, Black Jack looked little of the desperado that he was. He walked with a steady gait to the corner of the jail. There scarcely six feet away stood the stranger.

"The men nearest them saw something that struck them as curious. A distinct and unmistakable look of recognition passed between the two men. It was of but an instant's duration. Black Jack, between his two guards, then mounted the first of the thirteen steps of the scaffold with his back to the stranger. He had no sooner reached the center of the scaffold platform and turned toward the crowd than his eyes straightway sought the stalwart cowpuncher and rested upon him with a peculiar expression for fully ten seconds. The stranger returned the look.

"Then Black Jack, while the officers were preparing the noose for his neck, lifted his gaze from the cowpuncher's face, turned his head and looked out across the plains toward the west. His glance rested there for a few seconds, and then fell upon the crowd and swept over the faces with a steady, fearless, challenging look that will be remembered a long time by the men who saw it. 'Hurry up!' he said.

The Cowpuncher Vanished

"In another torturing minute the black cap had been placed over his head, the trap was sprung, the body of the outlaw shot toward the ground with his head severed from his body by the rope, and Black Jack had met his end with as splendid an exhibition of nerve as was ever seen upon any scaffold or any place of death. In the excitement caused by the unexpected and bloody work of the hangman's rope, the men who had noticed the stranger forgot him for a few minutes, and when they looked for him again, he was gone. Special Agent Reno and Sheriff Putnam, of Elbert County, Colorado, were among those in the crowd who saw the look that passed between him and Black Jack, and detective Chambers on the scaffold, followed the outlaw's glance and saw the stranger. When their work of death was done, these three officers searched the town for the unknown cowpuncher but found no trace of him.

"In the opinion of the officers the cowpuncher was one of Black Jack's gang. What his purpose was, or whether he had any other than that of bidding a farewell to his chief, must be for the present a matter of conjecture only. But there were other circumstances which, taken in connection with this, appear significant.

"Talk of a rescue was so persistent in the two or three weeks before the date set for the execution that extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent the success of any such attempt. Instead of arriving with Black Jack at Clayton on Thursday, the day announced for the event, the officers as secretly as possible took him there on Tuesday—a precaution the wisdom of which was demonstrated when a train loaded with steel rails, running a little ahead of the passenger train on which Black Jack was erroneously supposed to be, ran into an obstruction made of fish plates and was derailed.

Another Sign

"Again on the night before the hanging there was found in an outhouse a hundred yards from the jail—an outhouse little used and infrequently visited—a Winchester rifle with its magazine fully loaded and in perfect working order. It did not belong to any guard, and though diligent inquiry had been made in the town, the owner of the weapon was not found; and its presence there is as much a mystery as the sudden coming and going of the cowpuncher in the stockade. Was it the purpose of the

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gang to shoot their leader and thus save him from the ignominy of death by the rope? Or was there an actual plan for a rescue?

"CLAYTON is not the handiest town in the world to take a man away from by force. It is said that there are more guns per man in Clayton than in any other town in the United States. The average is said to be three guns for every male inhabitant of the place. The town all last week was a veritable arsenal. Weapons were in sight everywhere. Rifles stood behind bars of the saloons, leaned against the key racks in the two hotels, peeped above the ribbon counters in the stores, and were carried in the hands of the men actually on guard duty, while every belt held one or two six-shooters, and the only pockets that held no cartridges had holes in them.

"To have attempted a rescue of Black Jack from the jail would have been rank idiocy and suicide. But whose and for what purpose was the Winchester in the outhouse? It is anybody's privilege to guess. In the meantime, poor, brave, bad, murderous Jack is in his grave. Even his most bitter enemies hope that 'After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.' According to his own estimate of himself, his soul was lost.

"One of his last wishes on earth was that his spirit might come back and haunt his enemies—the implacable officers of the law who ran him down and hanged him. Vicious, bold and unforgiving to the end, Black Jack Ketchum went to his dishonored grave, honored still by the men who were his fellows in dark crime.

" 'The time has been that when the brains were out, the man would die,' said the ghost-visited MacBeth. Black Jack is dead, but there is a savage, sullen whimper over the gray-green grasses of New Mexico. That is the restless soul of Ketchum seeking its revenge. Out of the jumbled chiaroscuro of the tragedy at Clayton there stand, as stark and ugly as the scaffold in the old jail yard, a few facts that thrill and chill the blood. These:

"Black Jack's career was a barbaric romance, excelling in tragic and dramatic features even the life of Jesse James. Black Jack's chief bequest was a burden of revenge laid upon his fellows and his followers. Nothing is easier than to scoff at Tom Ketchum's repeated declaration that Frank Harrington, the conductor who shot his good right arm away, would be with him in hell inside of six months, and that Special Agent Reno and Attorney Fort, who hunted him to his death, will meet him there within a year.

"Indeed, there may be facetious speculation over the nice discrimination that allows one man only six months on earth, while the other two get a whole year. Ketchum refused to elucidate this knotty point, but declared, with a glitter in his eyes—marvelous eyes, by the way, small, brown or greenish gray as his mood changed, and indefinably swift and menacing—that the three men were marked.

"And—well, there was the Winchester in the outhouse, and the mysterious stranger at the execution, and there is the burden of revenge heavy and solemn upon Black Jack's outlaw friends.

"Sitting at the window of a Pullman car yesterday morning, Billy Reno looked out over the brown, uncompromising plains and smiled inscrutably. 'They got the man who started me on this chase,' he said, with charming insouciance. 'Who was he?' someone asked. 'John Legg. He wrote me in 1897 that Black Jack and his gang were coming north. A little later they did the job at Folsom, N. M. Next year they killed Legg at Fort Sumner, N. M.' Again that smile, and the train put behind a few more of those sad New Mexico miles.

"Stories of the outlaw multiply, and chronicles of his deeds make a romance. As for women—well, there is Eva Prodman, of Lodi, California. When Black Jack consented to be photographed in the jail an hour before his death on the scaffold, he asked that two pictures be sent to persons named. To his own family? No. One to his friend, Lee Smith, in San Saba, Texas, and the other to the woman in Lodi, Calif."

April 27th, 1901

WAS IT THE REAL "BLACK JACK" WHOM THEY HUNG YESTERDAY?

Element of Doubt has Arisen Since the Outlaw Made his Dying Statement Denying the Title Urged Upon Him.
Sheriff Salome Garcia is Freely Criticised.
It is claimed by experts that there was too much drop and an unsuitable rope.
His threats that his death will be avenged does not frighten anyone.

"Clayton, N. M., April 27th, 1901.—One hour and ten minutes after Black Jack's head was cut off by the hangman's rope, a group of squat Mexican women in wrappers and dark red shawls stood outside the fence of the jail yard and looked silently across the deserted and wind-ravaged plot of ground toward the isolated and sand-covered jail. As they looked, an express wagon came from behind the rough temporary stockade and the team started at a brisk trot toward the town.

"In the wagon was a white pine box, and on the box sat four men, three of whom smoked brown paper cigarettes and the fourth chewed tobacco and spat cheerfully at the prominent pebbles by the roadside. In front of the first saloon available the wagon stopped and the four men alighted and went inside the saloon to get a drink. People on the sidewalk stared at the box with a reminiscent interest.

" 'That's the last of Black Jack,' said one. 'Yes, Black Jack in his white jacket,' responded another with weary facetiousness. Braced up, but still nonchalant, the four men remounted the box and the wagon resumed its journey to the top of a distant hill, where certain white specks on the sky marked the location of one of life's unpopular but populous termini. The wagon returned half an hour later without the box, and the four men entered the saloon to get them another drink.

In an Unknown Grave

"There were no services over the remains of Black Jack and it is quite unlikely there will be even a headstone to mark his grave. Should there be erected any small slab or foot guidance for those pleasant persons who visit cemeteries on sunny Sundays for amusement, it ought to bear for its inscription some such words as these:

(Continued on page 30)

Left: Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth, a law officer from 1877 to 1912. Right: Body of Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum, immediately after his execution at Clayton, New Mexico, April 26th, 1901, showing head snapped off by the rope. Sheriff Salome Garcia kneeling, with hands on dead outlaw's arm and shoulder.

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A veteran newspaperman's recollections of a strange story he covered as a cub reporter in the Indian Territory.

MEDICINE WOMAN

BY W. R. DRAPER

Illustrated By Al Martin Napoletano

WHEN old Tom Bigbee returned to the Osage Nation in Indian Territory from South America, in 1895, to re-enter the cattle-raising business, he and his wife brought with them an Indian girl named Koma-tura. She possessed the gift of healing and performing small miracles. She was, in fact, a medicine woman; one of the few known to the Southwestern tribes, and the first of her kind to appear among the Osages.

Koma-tura was about eighteen, with soft red-brown hair, dark-blue eyes, and a creamy-tan complexion. Unlike the squat, heavy Osage women, she was tall and slim and light as a fawn on her feet. She appeared to be part white, and could easily have passed for a white girl. But her heart was pure Indian.

My father kept a small store at Grey Horse, and I worked for him. We had a full blooded Osage Indian, a former medicine man named Strike Axe, for a partner. Strike Axe was a little annoyed with the Bigbees for bringing Koma-tura into the fullblood settlement.

However, my parents were good friends of the Bigbees and they became interested in Koma-tura and often invited her to visit us. I was just learning to write for the newspapers, and Koma-tura was good copy. She spoke English fluently, having been raised and educated by a British family in South America. She was quite willing to talk on any subject, and gave me tips for articles which I sold to the *Kansas City World,* the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* and the *Chicago Record.*

I owned a small box camera and took and sold many photographs of notable Indians, including Geronimo, Lone Wolf, Bacon Rind and other tribal chiefs. I asked Koma-tura to pose for a newspaper picture and was surprised when she willingly agreed. As she stood there in her simple gingham dress, a narrow belt around her slender waist, thick hair falling loosely around her shoulders, she was pretty enough to illuminate any newspaper article.

"Soon you will own a larger and better camera," she told me, "one that will take fine photographs."

Shrewdly, she had read my secret thoughts and desires. In a few weeks, although I was quite unprepared for the gift, I received a fine, large newspaper camera from Tom Bigbee. Whether Koma-tura helped make my dream come true, I never discovered.

Koma-tura was not quick in making prophecies for the Osage people, although she did—in a casual and pleasing manner—offer suggestions as to where lost articles could be found. Also, she healed any number of old and ailing Osages of rheumatism, sore eyes and stomach disorders. She accomplished some really amazing cures with medicinal herbs and calm and patient counsel.

BIGBEE was proud of his ward and got Rolling Pony, a subchief, to have Koma-tura enrolled as an Osage and her name changed to Lily Bigbee. After she had thus become a member of the tribe by adoption, the young men suddenly became aware of her. My young fullblood chum, Red Eagle, began taking an interest in her.

I said to him, "Red, that girl would make you a fine wife." He shook his head doubtfully, but I persisted. "With her gift of prophecy, she might even help you find the man who murdered your father and mother."

Red Eagle looked at me, and his black eyes glowed. "If she'd help me find the killer, I'd *really* make a bid for her. Do you think fifty ponies would be enough for such a girl?"

"Hold on, boy, take it easy!" I warned. "Remember that Lily is really a South American Indian aristocrat, even though an adopted Osage. She could never be bought, like these Osage girls, for ponies. Lily would really have to love the man she married."

Red Eagle walked slowly away, pondering the matter. I never mentioned Lily to him again, as a prospective wife.

One day, while visiting in our home, Lily showed us the curious crystal balls with which she foretold events. Come to think of it, they weren't round and certainly they didn't look like any crystal I had ever seen. One of them was roughly oblong in shape and bluish in color. It was used in making prophecies for the men. The other was glossy black, shaped like a chunk of hard coal. This she used in making forecasts for the women.

Lily wouldn't allow anyone to touch the balls. "The Above Ones would be offended," she explained carefully. When the balls were not in use, she kept them well wrapped in silk cloth and stored away in the folds of her dress.

After Lily had been using the crystal balls for some months, I noticed that she was gradually winning the favor of the fullbloods, and that Strike Axe—who had assumed his former role of medicine man upon her arrival—was losing in popularity. However, Strike Axe did not complain. He was much more concerned with the fullbloods' trade, a proposition far more profitable than making prognostications.

ONE hot day the Indians were holding a Green Corn Dance in a grove across the road from our store at Grey Horse. I stood on the porch watching the picturesque, colorful scene. Suddenly I saw Lily, who had been dancing, step from the circle, throw off her feathered bonnet and beads, brush the dust from her flowing hair and look anxiously up into the sky. Then she left the dancers, crossed the road and spoke to me.

"Bill, this weather is dangerous. Something is going to happen. I can feel it!" Fear showed in her eyes. Lily knew, as we all knew, that a quick change in the weather always upset the Indians when they were having one of their ceremonial dances.

I glanced aloft. Gray-green clouds were pressing down on us, and the air was thick and stifling. I asked, "Will it

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Lily dropped to her knees in the middle of the rain-slashed road and held aloft her crystal balls, praying that the great storm might cease.

be another cyclone, Lily? If so, you must try to stop it. The last cyclone that came down the river left death and destruction behind it."

She nodded, her blue eyes wide and solemn. "Yes, I've heard that. But I will try to stop this one."

Lily stepped inside the big storeroom, and entered a small room in the rear. As she retired, I said to my father, "She's going to commune with her God, the Great Spirit."

My father, who knew the Indians' way of life, understood. "We must try to keep the Indians quiet when they come in here out of the storm. Otherwise, she won't be able to do her work."

The ominous low clouds swirled closer down the valley. Thunder roared and rolled. Chain lightning split a tree in the grove across the road where the Indians were dancing. Down the hill swept heavy sheets of rain. The dance broke up abruptly, and the Indians ran for the shelter of our stone storehouse.

Red Eagle and I closed the heavy doors in front and rear and, from his place in the center, my father began handing out to our uninvited guests large quantities of cheese and crackers, sardines and lemon extract. Lemon extract was the favorite beverage of the bucks—and the squaws, too, when they could get it.

The wind whistled across the big front porch. One after another, the big trees in the grove were uprooted and fell with muffled crashings. Lightning struck and fired the shed where we kept our oil and other supplies. Suddenly, there was a bright burst of flame inside the storeroom itself, and we heard bricks falling down on the roof. The fireplace chimney had been struck.

But the Indians, busy eating and drinking, remained calm. Lily was alone in the back room, working with her crystal balls and praying to the Great Spirit to end the storm. Believe me, I was praying right along with her!

IT was not until the front door blew in with a terrific crash that the squaws began screaming and falling to the floor. I ran to the room where Lily was at work and knocked on the door. "Can't you do *something,* Lily?" I shouted. "The storm is getting worse. We may all be killed!"

She opened the door and looked calmly at me. "Yes, Bill, we may all be killed. I must go outside, into the storm itself, where the Great Spirit will see me. Help me through the store."

I pushed ahead, making a path for her through the excited Indians. Buffeted by the whooping wind, Lily made her way out into the middle of the muddy, rain-slashed road and dropped to her knees. I could see her holding aloft the crystal balls, one in either hand, while she prayed for the storm to cease. Lightning crackled above her, illuminating the crystal balls eerily.

Strike Axe came to me, complaining angrily that I should not have allowed Lily to leave the store. Jealousy, I thought. This strange and beautiful girl was doing her brave best to save her adopted people, the little village and our store. I certainly didn't intend to allow a jealous medicine man to disturb her. Nor did he. Instead, he went out into the storm to kneel beside her. But before he began to pray, the rain ceased, the great wind fell silent, the dark clouds parted and the sun came out. The terrible storm was ended, and Lily was given full credit by the fullbloods for having performed a miracle.

Yet the mysterious medicine woman from far-off South America did not achieve real popularity with the Osages until she began making successful love matches between the fullbloods. Looking to the future, Lily favored an increase in the population, then on the wane, due to many intermarriages with the whites.

When an Osage girl was permitted to gaze into the black crystal ball and wish for a husband, along came one, as if by magic—and maybe it was. Bucks who were smitten with the charms of certain fullblood girls and lacked courage to court them were provided with potent love powders to help them win the girls of their choice.

Once I asked Lily to give me her opinion of a certain attractive Cherokee girl I'd been courting. "She's not for you, Bill," she told me promptly. "Too fickle." In a few weeks I learned this girl had married another white boy.

Red Eagle and I kept discussing Lily's forecasting ability. Finally we decided to ride out to the Bigbee ranch and persuade her, if possible, to reveal to us the murderer of Red's parents.

It was a pleasant fall afternoon. We three, Red, Lily and I, walked along the river bank and sat down under a walnut tree. Lily brought out the blue crystal ball and gazed into it for a long time. Then, in a low clear voice, she described the man who had killed Red's parents and told how Red had seen him fleeing with a bloody knife in his hands. Red admitted Lily's description of the killer was correct.

(Continued on page 33)

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BIG WINNIE

Winnimucca in thrilling action at the Fairfield, California, Rodeo. Chet McCarty up. Photo by George Baker

The heart-warming story of an "ol' gray plow horse" that escaped the killing pen to become a famous rodeo performer.

BY SHIRLEY M. JONES

IT was the spring of 1946 and the butchers in the horse slaughtering plant at Santa Rosa, California, were busy at their trade of turning horseflesh into dog meat. A big iron-gray gelding stood next in line for a bullet, dozing in the sun. All morning, he and the other doomed horses had been shunted along the narrow alleys, closer and closer to the grim building ahead. Now only the gray was left. A premonition of danger seemed to disturb him, for suddenly he nickered softly, head up, anxious ears cocked. His inquiry was interrupted by the blast of the noon whistle.

Inside the plant, the men threw down their bloody tools, caught up their lunch boxes, and sauntered outside to eat. Half an hour later, dawdling over coffee and cigarettes, they began the usual noonday pastime of baiting one of their number who professed to be a cowboy.

"Why, boy," drawled one man, "I bet you couldn't even ride that ol' gray plow horse back there in the killin' pen!"

The bet was snapped up, and the men arose with alacrity. One ran to fetch a saddle and halter, while another herded the gray back down the alley and into a large corral. Here—in one corner—stood a chute which had been built years before for the purpose of trying out prospective bucking horses for rodeo. The big gelding stood quietly in the chute as Eddie adjusted the saddle, nuzzling in friendly fashion the men as they buckled the rope rein into the halter. Chuckling derisively, Eddie slid into the saddle, drew taut his rein and yelled "Outside!"

The gate slammed open. For an instant, the big horse stood motionless, puzzled.

"He's waitin' for the plow!" his rider laughed. "Giddap, Dobbin!" His spurs raked the gray's neck.

Then—a gray thunderbolt came rocketing out, squealing happily as he got into action. Higher and higher he went, with the sky-high snapping kick that was later to make him famous. The cowboy's face mirrored surprise, then consternation as, at the third jump, he found himself catapulted into space. The brief test was over.

Eddie may have been the first to be bucked off the big gelding—but he was not to be the last by a long shot!

"Put that horse in the saving pen," ordered the plant boss, who referred to his rodeo-saving pen as his "jewel box."

So the big gray was saved by the bell—the dinner bell. Later he was weighed and sold for eight cents a pound for his brawny 1630 pounds. His buyer was Jim Millerick of the Circle M rodeo string in Sonoma, California. Two years later, Millerick refused $1,000 for the horse—an offer made by a rival rodeo contractor.

AT the home ranch the big gray was branded with the number 17, a number that soon was to become familiar to all bronc riders. He was entered on the records under the name "Winnimucca," simply because he had been shipped in from that town in Nevada. The naming of bucking horses is sometimes casual, since many who appear to be great prospects soon quit and are replaced. In the case of Winnimucca the name stuck, even though his later performances would certainly have justified a more original and colorful name.

Within a year of his rescue from the killing pen, Big Winnie had become famous and was bucking off eight out of ten of the riders who climbed aboard him—many of them top hands of rodeo. The powerful gray was known as a buck-off or pay-off horse, in that he either bucked his man off, or—if he failed to achieve this—his performance was still such as to chalk up winning

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points for the rider. Only once, in several years of arena work, did Winnie fail to either buck the rider off or carry him to the pay window. This brilliant record caused bronc riders everywhere to hold him in high esteem. They liked to draw him at major rodeos where high purse money was at stake, for they knew he was worthy of their steel.

Winnie held this reputation particularly at the great Cow Palace in San Francisco, where he probably won more champion riders more money than any bucking horse of his day. The renowned Salinas Rodeo was also the scene of one of his more sensational performances; as was the Red Bluff Roundup, where his picture adorned the program, following a statement by one of the committeemen that he was one of the greatest bucking horses ever to set foot in that arena. This belief was shared even by rival contractors, who themselves had furnished stock to Red Bluff, including well-known rodeo man Bob Barmby, and the old arena maestro, Harry Rowell.

Winnie's spectacular style made him a great favorite with the fans, with whom his name soon became a byword. The crowd would wait breathlessly for the chute gate to open; then roar its excitement as the big gray streaked into action. It was a real thrill to watch those mighty muscles at work, each jump a backbreaking, tearing jolt. Then, when the cowboy was flung out of the saddle, Big Winnie's snort of happy triumph would come rolling back as he was led to the catch-pens.

MANY great bucking horses have a specialty of their own invention for dumping riders. This may include a shifty way of going, jerking rein out of the rider's hand by rooting with the head, and so on. Big Winnie's invention was his terrific double-snatch kick. Riders found it difficult to describe, even when they'd just been grounded by it. Trained, keen-eyed observers said that when the big horse reached the very top of his kick, he gave it something extra so that in effect it was a kick on top of a kick. The result of the spasmodic action was usually electrifying: the horse would seem to have snapped his spine—and the rider would shoot out into space. As proof that the timing of the double kick was a tricky thing, I can cite that to the best of my knowledge, no rodeo photographer was ever able to snap the horse at the very peak of the kick.

In his proud position as boss hoss of the Circle M, Big Winnie reigned for many years as king of the outfit's bucking-horse herd. He was treated like a king, too: grained and often stall-fed in rodeo season, and even exercised by a pony to limber him up before a show.

It was clearly evident that Winnie bucked only from a spirit of fun, for there wasn't a mean streak in him. In fact, the big horse was ridiculously docile. He could be caught anywhere in an open field, ambling ponderously forward to meet his captor, nosing his pocket for sugar. Winnie had brittle front feet and, when being rodeoed steadily, required shoeing—a job that was accomplished with more ease than with many a pampered saddle horse. He was never known to bite, strike, or kick his handlers.

The big gray's history, prior to his coming to the slaughterhouse, was a mystery. Certainly he was well halter-broke; a child could lead him. Yet he bore no collar marks which might have indicated that he had once pulled a plow, and surely no one had ever used a horse his size as a saddle horse!

Some bucking horses are chute-fighters; Winnimucca was not. However, when he was really feeling his oats and eager to buck, he would sometimes rear up in the chute while his rider was getting aboard. This trait was soon recognized as a signal that Big Winnie was ready to go.

Like most rodeo horses, the mighty gray had a personality all his own. For all his impressive size, he was no fighter. The runtiest horse could run him away from the hayrack; hence, he presented feeding problems. Yet he urgently desired the company of other horses, and if penned alone would fret and pine. As a novel parade exhibit, he was once hauled in a big banner-hung truck by himself. All through the parade he created vast excitement by thundering up and down the length of the truck, screaming like a horse gone berserk. Timid spectators were thrilled yet terrified, not knowing that Winnie's awesome display was due only to lonesomeness.

Yet he loved to rodeo, loved the crowds and fanfare, was exhilarated by the flying pennants and the strident music of the bands. He was often led in grand entries, in order that patrons could get a close-up view of a great bucking horse. Big clown that he was, he became coy on these occasions, prancing and curvetting ludicruosly to the affectionate amusement of onlookers.

The cowboy respects and admires a top bucking horse, but few stars enjoyed the genuine affection bestowed upon Big Winnie. He possessed an endearing quality that impelled many a cowboy to give him a comradely pat when passing the chutes.

AS the years passed, Winnimucca's only fault as a rodeo horse began to catch up with him. Always he had bucked his best under a spurring rider, was never happier than when he felt the contest to be equal. Given a green rider or a fearful one who "polished his boots" (failed to spur), and Winnie was sluggish, slow to get into action. It seemed that unless a rider spurred, the big horse was confused, thought the game hadn't really started, he withheld his mighty strength. As time went on, this chink in his armor became apparent to everybody. Lesser cowboys took advantage of this curious quirk to "steal" a ride.

Whether Big Winnie was losing heart or just growing weary of the game will never be known, but there came a time when a mediocre rider made the whistle. Just barely, for in the next second he found himself on the ground. But he'd made it, and strutted off full of pride. Winnie was led off in disgrace. Fortunately, it was the end of the rodeo season; the horse would have a well-earned rest.

All Circle M hands watched the chute anxiously that next spring at the first show; and brightened at the clatter of boards as the big gray gave his customary lunge in the chute. The gate banged open and Winnie's big heels popped in the air. Spectators heaved a sigh of relief; Winnimucca was back in form. The lead-out man grinned with joy at the old, familiar sound of the gray's loud snort; once again Winnie was king of the bucking horses!

But then came disturbing news: Jim Millerick, a veteran of the Second World War, was being recalled to duty as an Air Corps officer; Big Winnie and all the Circle M stock were to be sold.

It was hard for riders and rodeo fans to believe that, after twenty-eight years of rodeoing, the famed Millerick green-and-white colors were to be struck. Who would be the new owner of the renowned bulls and horses that had carried those colors to victory in so many major competitions? Who would get Winnimucca?

There were many who wanted him. Mack Barbour, bucking-horse king of the Northwest, put in his bid. So did Bob Barmby, and other well-known operators. All had faith in the big horse, and were willing to gamble that he had many good years of top competition left in him. Finally, Big Winnie and several other top horses of the string went to the Christensen Brothers, of Eugene, Oregon.

IF this yarn were fiction, it could have a happy ending. Being true, it must be told that Winnie never came back—never really regained his old form. A rodeo contractor cannot afford to keep duds in his string, even former stars. As a last resort, Big Winnie was placed in the bareback string—a bitter comedown for a once-great saddle bronc. Eventually, in an ignominious finish, he was turned out riderless by a bareback rider who considered him unworthy of his spurs.

From rags to riches—and back to rags; such is the saga of Winnimucca. Though the big gray bucks no more, his story lives on in the hearts and memories of those who knew and loved him.

The big gray in placid retirement from the rodeo arenas. Photo by Shirley M. Jones.

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The Eastern newspapers wrote him up as a Sir Galahad, and a pretty white girl gave him a silver medal — this Pawnee warrior who became known as the

BRAVEST OF THE BRAVES

BY NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

IN APRIL OF 1817, the Skidi Pawnees gathered on the prairie to perform the annual spring ceremony of sacrificing a captive to the Morning Star. Each spring, for uncounted years past, the Skidis had conducted this horrid rite: sacrificing a captive boy or girl to the Star in the superstitious hope of propitiating that feared heavenly body into insuring a plentiful harvest.

Excitement gripped the great camp on the fifth and final night of the elaborate ceremony—the fateful night on which the captive was to be burned alive. There was bitter dissension in the Pawnee camp, for the head chief, Knife Chief, and his son Petalesharo had argued long and violently against staging the ceremony. "Sun and rain alone make the harvest abundant, not the Morning Star," contended the chief and his son—but the priests howled them down and went on with their preparations for the sacrifice. Petalesharo had even defied an ancient taboo to enter the *Akkaro,* the great ceremonial lodge in the center of the village, to sneak a look at the girl captive. She was, the impressionable young brave was pained to discover, a beauty —a long-limbed Comanche maid of about sixteen winters, taken on a recent southward raid. Petalesharo left the lodge with his heart a stone in his breast.

Two hours before dawn on this fifth and final night of the ceremony, the priests stripped the captive to the skin and bathed her slim body in the purifying smoke of a sweetgrass fire. Next, the head priest painted the right half of the girl's body red—in token of Day—and the left half black, to signify Night. He placed a robe of fringed black deerskin about her shoulders and slipped black moccasins upon her feet. Deftly a younger priest dressed the girl's long black hair and placed upon her head a towering headdress of eagle feathers and the snowy wing plumes of the swan. Turquoise pendants were hung from her ears, a turquoise-and-silver necklace draped about her throat, and silver bracelets slipped upon her arms. The solemn moment of the ceremony's climax was at hand—the time for the sacrifice had arrived. The head priest moved toward the lodge-opening; motioned to the girl to follow.

At the appearance of the captive, the throbbing drums and wailing reed flutes of the musicians fell silent. A great shout went up from the double rank of warriors lining the narrow passageway to the sacrificial scaffold. The girl gasped in terror at sight of the grim scaffold with its high-piled faggots—and turned blindly to flee. A priest on either side gripped her arms and forced her to move forward. The drums and flutes renewed their exultant clamor as she neared the scaffold.

Swiftly the priests lifted the girl to the scaffold; tied her wrists to the top crossbar, her ankles to the lower bar. Quickly the head priest removed her robe and moccasins, the necklace from her throat, the pendants from her ears, the bracelets from her arms. She hung helpless in her bonds, half-fainting, moaning and twisting like a rabbit caught in a snare.

THE MORNING STAR gleamed through a rift in the clouds—and the warriors whooped again at this sign of the Star's approval of the sacrifice. Two torch-bearing Star "messengers" approached the scaffold. These men, symbolized as servants of the Star by the owl-skins hanging from their necks, knelt to light the fire. The final ghastly phase of the ceremony had begun; the ceremony which would end with each adult male in the camp shooting an arrow into the body of the victim and the head priest cutting the heart from her breast to use as strong medicine in his spells and incantations.

At this point in the proceedings an incredible thing happened—a thing destined to be set down in the buffalo hide picture-writings of the tribal historians.

The terrified captive screamed as the faggots smoked and burst into flames beneath her small bound feet. Like a mighty echo to her scream came Petalesharo's piercing war whoop. The young brave leaped to the scaffold, kicked aside the blazing faggots, and whirled to face the screeching priests and astounded warriors.

"What kind of men *are* you, to burn women?" he thundered scornfully. "If you *must* have a sacrifice, burn *me*—Petalesharo!"

Contemptuously, Petalesharo turned his back on the ominously muttering crowd to free the now unconscious girl. Gently he wrapped her in his robe, lifted her in his arms and strode to his lodge, where his mother held his horse in readiness. Not a voice was lifted in protest, not a warrior nocked an arrow to his bowstring to bring down the daring son of Knife Chief. Boldly, Petalesharo rode straight through the crowd and headed south with the rescued maid.

THE above incident occurred during a period in American history when the Plains Indian was just coming into a brief reign of glory as the Noble Red Hunter of the Prairie. Not yet did the white man desire the Indian's lands, so the red man was still a fine, romantic fellow to effete Easterners—if not to the realistic trappers and fur traders who had seen him in deadly action. Somehow, Eastern newspapers learned of Petalesharo's gallant exploit and played it up in their columns with many a literary flourish. Sir Galahad of old, it seemed, had nothing on this youthful Pawnee hero in the matter of chivalry. The yarn died quickly, but was revived and expanded into a thrilling saga when Petalesharo traveled to Washington to visit the Great White Father.

Together with fifteen treaty-seeking delegates from the Pawnees, Omahas, Kansas and Missouris, Petalesharo—now a war chief—met President Monroe at the White House on February 4, 1822. Gifts were exchanged and everybody praised everybody else, but not much was accomplished on the business of effective treaty-making. Bewildered and befuddled after their first experience with diplomatic Washington, the Indians left the President's study after partaking of cake and heavily sweetened coffee. Deftly sidestepping the treaty issue, the Great Father had brushed off the whole matter by inviting the Indian delegation to stage a war dance next day on the White House lawn. Nothing could better have exemplified the bridgeless gulf existing between the two peoples.

Among the entranced spectators at the war dance the following noon were twenty girls from Miss White's Select Seminary—one of Washington's most exclusive "Schools for Young Females." The girls had read the florid newspaper accounts of Petalesharo's rescue of the captive Comanche maid, and they were tremulously excited at actually seeing the young Indian hero in the flesh.

Petalesharo put on a terrific show for his girlish fans. Tall, handsome, dignified; magnificently dressed in quilled and beaded white buckskins trimmed with tinkling hawks-bells; the twenty-five-year-old Pawnee war chief thrilled the impressionable girls to the core with his graceful, spirited dancing. Tom-tom, reed flute, and calabash rattle provided the music and rhythm for the dance; the

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bloodcurdling whoops of the prancing, stamping warriors added a chilling note of realism to the colorful performance. The young ladies of Miss White's Seminary trooped back to school babbling excitedly of the "beautiful savage" they had seen. One lass—pretty little Mary Rapine—came up with a bright idea.

"Why not," demanded Mary, "present a medal to Petalesharo on behalf of all the women in the world?"

The other girls thought it a splendid idea, and all twenty went eagerly to work on it. Formidable Miss White herself gave it her august nod of approval, and even helped with the arrangements. A suitable medal was ordered from a silversmith, and on February 23, 1822, Petalesharo received a messenger-borne formal invitation to the Washington home of Mary Rapine's family to receive his award for gallantry.

MARY herself made the presentation speech. A trifle verbose and flowery, the speech was nevertheless quite a literary achievement for a cute little girl in her 'teens.

All dressed up in a new blue gown, Mary stepped front-and-center to face the honored guest, gulped, and began the following miniature oration:

"Brother," she began bravely, if a little breathlessly, "I have been selected by my schoolmates, the young ladies of Miss White's Seminary, to present you with this silver medal as testimony of our esteem and admiration for the courage and humanity you have manifested toward our sex.

"Brother, we have heard of your humanity and courage in rescuing a young maiden of the Comanche nation from a cruel death and still more cruel torture, and carrying her back to her home and tribe. It was the influence of the Great Spirit operating on your heart, and may it always so operate. Your white brethren admire and honor such virtue, and will always esteem their red brethren in proportion as they display this generosity and heroism. You see we are all young, but we love and admire benevolence and courage.

"Brother, the thoughts of this good deed will be to you like the spirits of your fathers breathing in your heart comfort and joy in the winter of age and amidst the solitudes of the forest.

"Brother, be thus always kind and generous to our sex. The brave always love to protect the feeble and the helpless, and the Great Spirit has made both white and red women weak and helpless.

"Brother, accept this token of our esteem—always wear it for our sakes, and when again you have the power to save a poor woman from death and torture—think of this and us, fly to her relief and rescue."

How much of all this high-flown hyperbole Petalesharo understood is open to conjecture, but the red man didn't lose his aplomb. He stepped forward at once to fluttering applause from the predominantly feminine audience to receive his medal.

Blushing rosily, Mary advanced to meet him in mid-floor. She had to stand on tiptoe to slip the blue silk ribbon around the tall war chief's neck, but she managed nicely. The gleaming silver medal, with its stirring inscription, *To the Bravest of the Brave,* rested over the warrior's heart. Petalesharo glanced down at it, touched the inscription with a bronze forefinger, and made his speech of acceptance and thanks in his own language. On the record, the youthful Pawnee was better than fair himself as a speechmaker—and commendably concise to boot.

"This brings rest to my heart. I listen to you. I am glad. I love the palefaces more than I ever did, and will open my ears wider when they speak. I am glad you heard of what I did. I did now know the act was good. It came from my heart. I was ignorant of its value. I did not know how good it was. You make me know—by giving me this medal."

The ladies applauded again; then busied themselves serving the company and guest of honor tea and little cakes. Petalesharo handled his hostess's fragile china with respectful care, and made his escape as soon as was decently possible.

AFTER leaving Washington without the treaty they had come for, the Indian delegation visited in turn Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. Everywhere they were greeted by large, curious crowds and presented with useless gifts. (Samples: red and blue uniforms with silver epaulettes, a box of seashells.) Representatives of various churches spoke with the pagan red men

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Hole-in-The-Wall Gang

(Continued from page 23)

" 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it;
He died as one that had been determined in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owned,
As 'twere a careless trifle.'

"Any public grief or private sorrow for Black Jack would be maudlin and an affectation, for he was an outlaw, a savage and vicious outlaw. But the time has not yet gone by when courage in itself and for itself has ceased to be a virtue. Courage was the only service Black Jack had left, and his death demeanor to the end was such as can best be expressed in the unpremeditated words of a New Mexico Sheriff: *'By God, sir, he did it right!'*

The Relic Fiends Now

"The relic fiends are doing the rest. Dirty and crumpled tickets of admission to the place of death are the commonest mementos of the execution. After these are pieces of the rope that released the trap. The best are locks of Black Jack's hair. The hangman's rope is intact in the possession of Sheriff Garcia. He is going to present it to his daughter. It is a fine rope, made to order, of first class Manila hemp, fifteen feet long, and bought from the Chief of Police of Kansas City at a cost of $20.80, laid down in Clayton, N. M.

" 'That's a fine rope,' said Black Jack when he mounted the scaffold, and glanced up at the dangling thing. It *was* good. The distance of Black Jack's drop has been the subject of discussion before and after the execution. Seven feet was the distance prescribed by the Chief of Police of Kansas City. Detective Chambers thought four feet six inches would be plenty for a man of Ketchum's weight —193 pounds.

"Attorney Fort effected a compromise on five feet six inches, and the rope was adjusted at that length. Then Sheriff Garcia, for whom this was a first experience, grew anxious and lengthened the rope to make the drop six feet. Attorney Fort and Detective Chambers thereupon shortened it to about five feet nine inches, and that was the distance Black Jack fell. It was sufficient, for the rope severed Ketchum's neck as cleanly as it could have been done with a knife.

Death Was Instantaneous

"It was severe on the spectators, but it was lucky for Black Jack for his death was instantaneous, and the blood made no difference to him. There remains one other question: Is it Black Jack who sleeps with the undertaker's stitches in his neck, on the hill above wind-swept Clayton? All the officers say it is.

"In his last hour Tom Ketchum rejected the crown of glory that belongs to Black Jack as the greatest outlaw in the history of New Mexico. He said that he was not Black Jack. The title is open to any qualified claimant who cares to prove it. He must have black hair, a skin that tans blacker than a Mexican's, and as fearless as—well, as Tom Ketchum. Till this claimant comes, the glory and the shame are Tom Ketchum's, all alone."

"A MESSAGE FROM GARCIA"

Some sensational reports that intensifies the gruesome story of "Black Jack's" execution having been circulated, the Denver Post today was in communication with Sheriff Garcia. He was asked if there was anything unusual in the methods used in the hanging, and if there had been any bungling on the part of the authorities. This was his reply:

"Clayton, N. M., April 29th, 1901.—To the Denver Post, Denver, Colo.: Tom Ketchum's head being severed from his body was caused by him being a very heavy man. Nothing out of the ordinary happened. No bungling whatever. Everything worked nicely and in perfect order.

Salome Garcia, Sheriff."

AUTHORITIES HAVE A NEW THEORY

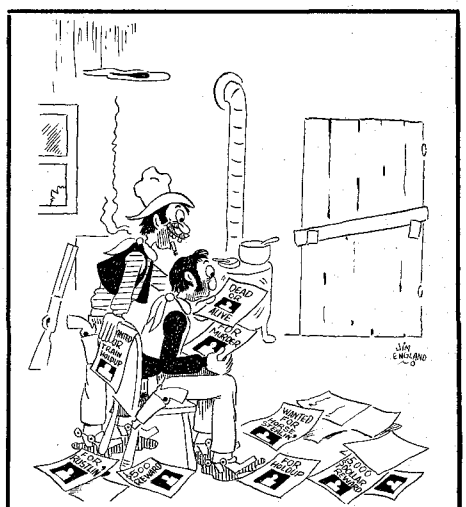
"In the meantime, the authorities have a new and plausible theory. They say that Black Jack and his outlaw gang were the men who held up the Union Pacific trains in Wyoming, and they think they will yet be able to prove it. In a graveyard in Santa Fe, N. M. lies the body of Sam Ketchum, the brother, who got his death wound in the Turkey Creek Canyon battle with the sheriff's posse. Somewhere in the Panhandle of Texas, another brother watches over his herds of cattle and says nothing about Sam and Tom. In San Angelo, Texas, a married sister occupies her pew in the Baptist Church and may offer prayers for her two dead outlaw brothers, who are now sadly in need of prayers. 'Oh, I'll come back if I can,' said Tom Ketchum half an hour before he went to his death on the scaffold."

ESTRANGED FROM RELATIVES

Ketchum's wealthy brother refused to take charge of man's body

"Clayton, N. M., April 27th, 1901.—Berry Ketchum, the brother of the man executed yesterday, declined to take charge of Black Jack's body. As a result, the remains encased in a plain white pine box were buried in the cemetery here. All sorts of offers were made by speculators for the outlaw's body. One man particularly insistent in this direction was a Denver, Colo., man who admitted in a burst of confidence that he was acting for the owners of an eastern museum. The grave for the present will be carefully guarded.

"The dead outlaw had many admirers. The manner in which he went to his death has appealed to the hero-worshipping element and strangers who might be tempted to disturb the remains of the dead outlaw, without permission, would meet with serious opposition.



"All of them are good—but this one looks more like me!"

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"Although the men who took part in the apprehension, conviction and execution of Black Jack say that they do not believe that there will be a vengeance, others are not so sanguine. The latter are men accustomed to the rough life of the cattle country of New Mexico and Texas, and they know the people with whom they had been dealing. Sheriffs and deputies who assisted at the execution did not care particularly to be known as having been connected with the affair, for the reason that they believed an attempt to avenge the outlaw's execution would be made. It would have been an easy matter for a bandit friend of the dead outlaw leader to hide near the platform of one of the isolated railroad stations in New Mexico or Texas, and with the unerring aim of men of that section, kill any of those against whom Black Jack Ketchum pronounced an early death.

"To flee from the scene of such a crime would be easy. The plains are inhabited only by cowpunchers and sheepmen, and in that country it is etiquette never to meddle with the business of another. In a country where nearly every man has something of a past, all are against the law.

"Even in Clayton, N. M., while the outlaw leader was there and just prior to the execution, sympathy for him was expressed. The expression went no farther than words, but it demonstrated that there was a division of opinion. Many declared that it seemed unjust to put to death a man for attempted train robbery.

"The idea of 'life for life' was prevalent among these, and those who sympathized but could not understand any other rule in a section of country where this is the criminal code. Black Jack had terrorized that entire section. Scores of robberies he and his gang committed were never heard of until the outlaw leader was captured. It was believed that there are scores of others which will never be known. In the 'old bad west' personal bravery and daring were the only virtues.

NO QUESTION OF IDENTITY

" 'It was the notorious Black Jack who was hanged at Clayton, N. M., Friday, beyond a doubt,' said special agent William H. Reno of the Colorado and Southern railroad, to whom much of the credit is due for running to earth the notorious outlaw leader and his gang. 'I've worked against the gang of outlaws for several years. There was but one Black Jack and he is now dead.' That 'statement' was made by the detective after a perusal of a stenographic report of Tom Ketchum's last interview.

" 'Most of it is a lie; he was lying all of the time,' said Reno. 'In several places he came very near telling the truth, but what he tells is not worth anything. Most of it has been known for many months. There are a great many things that Ketchum did not tell. As far as his threats are concerned, they don't amount to much. He may have partners and friends at liberty, but they have carefully remained away from him.

" 'Ketchum lied always, and he died lying. We can prove that he was not telling the truth. He says it was not his gang that raided Liberty, N. M. in 1895. There he lies, for he and his brother, Sam, have been identified several times from photographic descriptions. When he says he never committed a crime until 1897, he lies, for he contradicts himself by telling of a murder in which he was implicated a year before. He gets around the case very smoothly by saying that he was told that he resembled Black Jack and might be hanged for that outlaw's crimes. There can be no question about it; the law has too much evidence.

" 'There is one thing that I think will develop something new. To Sheriff Putnam of Elbert County, Colo., Ketchum practically admitted that he and eleven other outlaws left the Hole-in-the-Wall country soon after the numerous train robberies and other crimes up there in Wyoming. In talking with the sheriff, Ketchum showed great familiarity with what had taken place up there. The sheriff was telling about different cases and Tom Ketchum frequently corrected him.'

"As for McGinnis, one of Black Jack's gang, he has been positively identified as having been in the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' country. Everyone believes that all the robberies throughout Wyoming and Montana can be traced to Black Jack's Hole-in-the-Wall gang.

"By officers of the law who took part in the breaking up of the gang, the statement made by Ketchum just before the execution is regarded as simply just such an oath that his lips would tell. Ketchum talked, but he would tell nothing except what was already well known. Those upon whom Black Jack fixed crimes are either dead or in prison for life.

"As Sam Ketchum did, knowing he was going to die, so Black Jack did. Sam declared that he fired the shot that killed Sheriff Ed. Farr in the Turkey Creek Canyon fight. Ezra Lay McGinnis is serving a life sentence for that crime in the Santa Fe penitentiary. Sam, the living outlaw, tried to take the blame and help the living, knowing himself to be dying. Black Jack's object was the same. All of the time he was in prison Ketchum objected strongly to being called Black Jack. He declared he was not that outlaw, but another man entirely, even while admitting crimes attributed to Black Jack and his gang. Ketchum denied that he was the notorious outlaw leader, yet he never told who was the real outlaw of the suggestive appellation.

"Officers of the law declare that the real Black Jack has been executed and his gang wiped out of existence. They scoff at possible revenge, and declare that brigandage in the Southwest has been given a great setback by the severe example given in the execution at Clayton, N. M., of the outlaw.

DARING OF THE MAN

" 'A man of nerve.' This is the general verdict regarding Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum. The daring required to hold up a train alone and the calm courage to face certain death, deliberately arranged and executed, both were shown by him. Free and armed to the teeth, he attacked trains which might have carried a score of officers. Crippled and bound hand and foot, he stood without flinching upon the trap door which dropped him to death at the cutting of a slender strand of rope."

From the Chronicle-News tourist and anniversary edition—Historical Section, Trinidad, Colorado, Saturday, June 19th, 1937.

"On April 26th, 1901, Tom (Black Jack) Ketchum was hanged at the Union County jail at Clayton, N.M. O. T. Clark, who was Sheriff of Las Animas County, Deputy Sheriff Harry D. Lewis, Deputy

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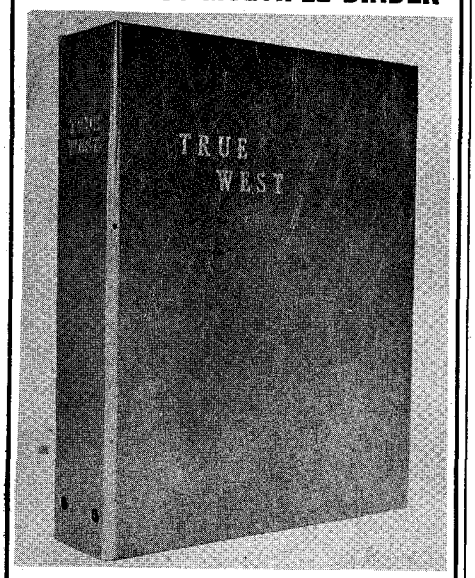

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Sheriff G. W. Titsworth and a number of others witnessed the outlaw's execution. The full story of the hold-ups and round-up of the Black Jack outlaw gang has been reviewed many times in this newspaper, but a brief resume together with an account of the more recent exhumation of the dead outlaw's body at Clayton, N. M., are most appropriate in the narrative of this 60th anniversary of the pioneer newspaper of Southern Colorado—*The Chronicle-News.*

"Hundreds of people from localities of five states were present one September day a few years back when the body of the train robber, who had been executed there on April 26th, 1901, was exhumed from its former resting place and removed to the new cemetery at Clayton. That simple, solemn incident recalled to old timers the last exploits in the life of Black Jack Ketchum.

"The committee in charge comprised pioneers of New Mexico, and was headed by Mrs. Elisa Porter as Chairman. Members: H. H. Errett, Carl Eklund, Mayor Ira L. Pennington, District Judge L. N. Taylor, Tom A. Gray, R. W. Isaacs, J. M. Potter, Clayton, N. M., A. W. Thompson, Denver, Colo. Thompson, Gray and Eklund saw the hanging. Thompson claims he was the last man to shake hands with the condemned man and to bid him good-bye.

"The exhumation was made at the request of hundreds of persons who had failed to find the outlaw leader's grave in the old Clayton cemetery. The new grave will have a monument on which will be engraved salient facts of Black Jack's life. It will have a driveway on each side and is isolated from other vaults. Highway signs will be put up advising tourists of the tomb of one of New Mexico's reputed most infamous and bloody killers.

"Mr. Thompson (resident of Clayton, N. M. when Black Jack was hanged) has devoted many years to gathering facts of the outlaw's life. His knowledge of him and his checkered career is the most rich and accurate of any man living. He has a photostatic copy of one of the tickets issued to the execution. It is signed by Sheriff Salome Garcia, and Jerry Leahy, District Attorney.

"The old cemetery where Black Jack was first buried is a mile east of Clayton, N. M. It was established in January or February of 1889 because Williams, a Clayton saloon and restaurant keeper, died of delirium tremens and the spot where he was buried was the first likely one his pallbearers found. Shortly after Charlie Meredith, saloon keeper, shot and killed his bartender, Red. He was buried near Williams. Soon other graves clustered about until when the cemetery was abandoned in 1907, it had fifty or sixty."

So, in this solemn spot, ends my tale.

Mad Killers of El Dorado Canyon

(Continued from page 8)

dicate that the two pairs missing from Hancock and Taylor have been used."

One week later, on Washington's Birthday, 1911, Wait, May and McKinney were forced to again admit defeat and return to Las Vegas—Wait, so completely exhausted he had to be confined to bed under care of a physician. Queho, said his trailers, had succeeded in making his way into the McCullough Range, where general roughness and wildness rendered it completely impossible to effect his capture.

In March, 1919, Nevada's Governor Emmett D. Boyle posted a reward of $2000 for capture of the slayer of Mrs. Maude Douglas, Hancock, and Taylor—an amount further supplemented by a $500 reward offered by the State of Arizona, $300 by Clark County, and $100 each by Roy D. Jacobs and Fred L. Ingraham, of Yuma, thus boosting to $3000 the total bounty on the half-breed's head.

And the hunt went on.

Many times during the years that followed, according to Frank Wait, he and his posse would be traveling so close on the heels of their quarry that coals of Queho's campfires still would be hot when found by his pursuers; yet not once in all that long manhunt did any member of the posse ever lay eyes on the killer they were seeking! Queho's ability to evade capture amounted to diabolical cunning, said Frank. Slipping away from the most skillful trackers employed to trail him, cleverly side-stepping every trap set for him, he continued his orgy of blood, striking without warning and apparently without reason.

Thus had twenty years gone by when Undersheriff Wait—while following a fresh Queho "lead" through the Valley of Fire in 1930—one day was electrified by a messenger's report that the 'breed was roaming through Fremont Street in Las Vegas!

Burning up the road to the county seat, Wait found the report was true—Queho had been there!

How many scores had he slain?

None. None at all.

What had he done?

He calmly had entered a grocery store, calmly selected a can of peaches, calmly paid for it, and calmly departed!

That was all he had done.

And, strangely enough, upon leaving that Fremont Street grocery store in 1930, Queho apparently walked into oblivion.

NEVER again would he be heard of as a living person; and if he ever committed another murder, it is not a matter of record.

Another ten years passed; and on a morning in February, 1940, prospectors Charlie Kenyon and Art Schroeder were inching their way along a dizzy canyon wall about five miles upriver from El Dorado. Charlie had spotted a small cave near the base of a hundred-foot sheer drop; and while shallow caves are not of infrequent occurrence in these volcanic ranges, something about this particular cave had attracted his attention.

"Call this justice? Three against one?"

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That fascination lay in the fact that the cave's entire mouth appeared to be sealed with a carefully-laid rock wall!

Laboriously making his way to the place, Charlie picked and pried and pounded at the crude masonry until he had made a breach of sufficient size to admit his head and shoulders.

Once inside the grotto, his eyes beheld one of the most surprising sights man ever looked upon in Nevada.

In the sombre half-dark of that canyonside sepulchre huddled the mummified remains of a corpse later identified as that of Queho, the mad killer of El Dorado Canyon!

Draping Queho's desiccated cadaver was an old canvas coat and a pair of faded overall pants, the claw-like fingers of one bony hand clutched at the sunken belly; and spread upon the dusty floor of the cave lay all this man's worldly possessions.

Included among those chattels were a .30-30 Winchester rifle and a 12-gauge Hopkins and Allen shotgun, both loaded and cocked; a pouch of powder and some cartridges, a crude bow made from a cottonwood limb, three steel-tipped arrows and seven untipped arrow shafts, an empty canteen, and a strangely-mixed assortment of primers, knives, tools, scissors, files, pencils, buttons, a bunch of keys, a sewing awl, $1.46 in change, and a watchman's badge—No. 896.

"Doc" Gilbert, it was recalled, had been wearing a badge bearing this number on the day he was slain at the Gold Bug mill, more than thirty years earlier.

Frank Wait, who had been assigned to the case by Sheriff Sam Gay in 1919, had since become chief of police of Las Vegas. At this point in the grisly drama, however, all interested parties still were speaking to all other interested parties, so formalities were waived and Frank went out and brought in his man.

It is customary, I believe, for stories of manhunts to end with capture of the culprit, most especially when that culprit is as dead as this culprit was.

But not the story of Queho!

Like John Brown's body, the story of Queho was to go marching on . . . and on . . . and on.

THE killer's mummified cadaver was taken to Las Vegas and the Palm Funeral Home, then operated by my good friends, Gene and Anna Parks. Anna fixed Queho the best she was able, in view of his condition—even having a special casket made to fit his huddled and dried form—and about that time there arose a mighty hassle concerning which agency of government should get the remains.

Clark County wanted the body. The City of Las Vegas wanted it. The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks wanted it for a side-show attraction at their Helldorado Village. And I seem to recall that even Uncle Sam tried to cut himself in on the remains by virtue of the fact that the cave in which it had been found is situated within the jurisdiction of Boulder Dam Recreational Area.

As result of all these varying opinions, long friendships ripened into feuds. Mr. A stopped speaking to Mr. B, and everyone grew suspicious of everyone else.

Meanwhile, curious citizens—more than five thousand of them—streamed through the undertaking parlors where Queho lay in state. Anna, who invariably has a dozen smoking irons in the fire, became completely fed up with the business of acting as unpaid guide to a rack of bones. Also, with the arrival of hot weather that summer, Queho grew smelly and had to be removed to a private room.

It was Anna who eventually tossed the prize bombshell into the body-claiming feud.

Whoever got Queho, said Anna, would have to pay Queho's bill for mortician services rendered, and for subsequent storage.

By that simple announcement, the entire picture underwent a miraculous change.

Whereas, before, everyone had wanted Queho, now nobody wanted Queho. Most especially, Anna and Gene Parks didn't want him. . . . But Anna and Gene were stuck with him.

Like the Man Who Came To Dinner, Queho remained as their uninvited guest for three years. Three long, *smelly* years! And all that while Queho's bill for lodging continued to mount.

WHETHER through some strange feeling of responsibility to Queho, or out of sympathy for the Parks, Frank Wait eventually paid all charges against the mummy of the canyon assassin he had sought for so many years; and since Frank wasn't making a personal collection of dead Indians, he presented Queho's remains to the Elk's Lodge of Las Vegas.

The Elks, in turn, built a nice little "cave" at their Helldorado Village. They fitted the front of the "cave" with a sheet of plate glass, and within the crypt they installed Queho, surrounded by all his chattels and hereditaments.

During the years in which the Mad Killer's mummy has been one of the stellar attractions of Helldorado Days, staged each May in Las Vegas, that man-made cave and its grisly contents have been viewed by hundreds of thousands of curious citizens—almost every one of whom seems to have a different idea of how it all happened.

And so a few bones and dried skin, some tattered rags and the assorted odds and ends of Queho's estate are all the physical evidence left to remind old-timers of the mad murderer of El Dorado Canyon—by far the most cunning and deadly of any killer in Nevada's turbulent history.

Medicine Woman

(Continued from page 25)

"That is just reading your mind," she told Red gravely. "Now I'll make you a prophecy."

SHE told us the killer would finally be found, but that he would already be in the toils of the law. Red said fiercely, "That is not the way I want it—I want to kill him with my own hands!"

Lily shook her head. "No, Red," she said gently, "that would just be adding one crime to another. You just follow Bill around the Territory. He is the one who will locate the killer, but it will be by accident. Be patient, Red, and you will not have to spill blood to get revenge. The law will take care of it for you."

That is exactly the way it turned out. I went to cover the execution of a certain Choctaw "bad Indian," and took Red with me. He took one look at the prisoner and identified him positively as the

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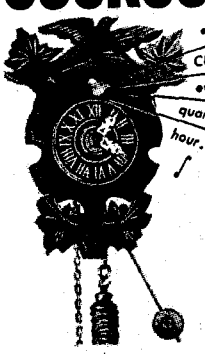

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man who had killed his parents. The Choctaw admitted the crime, but it was too late then for Red's vengeance. The murderer was executed two hours after Red saw him.

Eventually, as if tired of it all, Lily withdrew to the Bigbee ranch and refused to respond to further appeals for aid and guidance from the Osages. Our local medicine men, Strike Axe included, were pleased with this development. They told their people that Lily was out of favor with the Great Spirit.

When this news reached Lily, she decided to return to the job of medicine woman. She came into the store, announced her decision and asked me to photograph her with my new camera, saying I might soon have occasion to use it on other subjects. She was, she said, getting busy making love matches.

"Why don't you help the two Black sisters?" I inquired. "They're healthy and fat and want to marry."

"No one would dare marry either one of them," said Red Eagle. "They've had smallpox and that's catching."

Lily looked at me and smiled knowingly. "I've been thinking about those two girls for some time. If they want husbands, I'll get 'em for 'em—even if I have to make 'em!"

I recalled what Tom Bigbee had said about this girl's mother making men out of the limbs of trees down in South America. Her mother was a bushwoman, noted for performing miracles.

Such a miracle was possible, Tom assured me. He was so sure he half-convinced me. The Osage medicine men, I knew, performed astounding feats under stress of great emotion. Many of the primitive peoples of the world have always possessed a knowledge of magic and sorcery undreamed-of in classroom or laboratory, a fact of which I was well aware. Still, I was stunned and even a little frightened by the weird thing that happened.

A week or so later Susie, the younger of the Black sisters, came into our store. "Now, girl," I said, "I've been hearing all sorts of queer rumors. Give me the facts!"

SUSIE lowered her heavy body into a rocking chair, let her big hands fall across her lap, and looked smilingly at me with her black, beady eyes. "Bill, I've got plenty to tell you, but you probably won't believe a word of it." Susie was about twenty-five, had spent five years at the Mission School, and was no fool.

"Lily sent us to the big cottonwood tree at the fork of the road near the river and our cabin," continued Susie. "She told us—my sister Annie and I—to look for a big grapevine hanging from the top of the tree. We chopped down the vine as she told us to do. We made tea from this vine and drank it for four straight days.

"Every night we visited that tree and sang one or two love songs. We could see something forming in the tree-top, but in the dusk and at such a height we couldn't make out whether it was a man or a wildcat. Lily told us the thing would not assume human form until the fifth night.

"Annie and I reached the foot of the tree at dusk on the fifth day. Lily promised to meet us there. We were excited, because we could see a man's form in the treetop. He was clothed, and we could see the black hair on his head.

"We sat down at the base of the tree to wait for Lily. She was singing when she came. She took us both by the hands, and we three girls circled the tree, singing love songs. In a little while the man came down. He was tall and slim and handsome. He looked first at Annie then at me. He suited *me* all right, but he kept looking at Annie. But at last he made it known by signs that I was the one he really wanted.

"Next day, my new husband went away to fish. He did not return. But that evening another man, dressed in my man's clothing, came to our cabin. He said he had been sent by Lily to be Annie's husband. She accepted the man, although we both were afraid he was a murderer."

"Well, where is this last man?" I questioned Susie. "I hear you girls are living alone now."

The stout Indian girl smiled. "Yes, we are alone again and glad of it! The last man went away after I accused him of killing *my man*. But now both of us girls are going to have babies, and that is what we *most* wanted."

ONE stormy afternoon, not long after Susie's visit to the store, Red Eagle and I were riding across the Bigbee ranch and we decided to stop at the ranch house until the rain and wind had ceased. In the kitchen of the Bigbee home, we found Lily manipulating the crystal balls and muttering words to the Unseen Power. Tom Bigbee and his wife stood back against the wall, quietly watching.

I was afraid we had stopped in at an awkward moment, but Lily greeted us warmly. "My crystal balls won't harm you," she smiled. "Sit down, my friends. I'll fry some bacon and eggs and make coffee."

Just then lightning struck the barn and gave us all a slight shock. Quickly, Lily reassured us that there was nothing to fear. She took one of the balls, cracked it and placed it inside her dress. The other she worked with, rolling it around and looking at it, muttering unintelligible words.

But the storm increased its fury. Tom and his wife finally struck out for the cyclone cave just before the twister hit the house full force. Red Eagle grabbed Lily around the waist, picked her up in his arms, and followed Tom and his wife into the cave. I was right behind them.

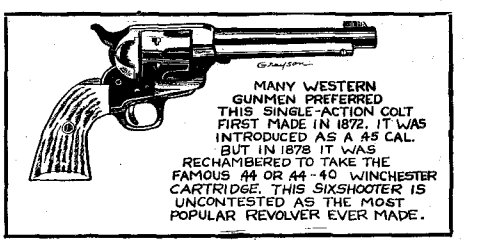
We barely made it when the cyclone tore the roof off the house and blew away the barn, with a roar like a hundred express trains!

After the storm had subsided, Lily took out the cracked crystal ball and tossed it out into the field.

"There—that ends my work as a medicine woman," she said sadly. "The crystal balls no longer serve me."

It was a perfect spot for Red Eagle to take her in his arms again and tell her not to be sad, but suddenly he seemed overcome by shyness.

I patted Lily on the shoulder. "Don't feel bad about it," I said earnestly. "You've done a great deal for us all and you're entitled to a rest."



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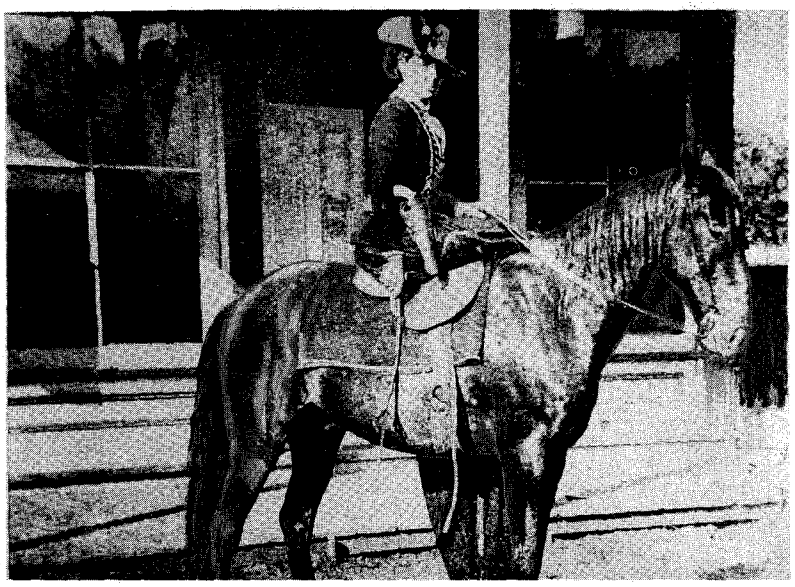

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Belle Starr, the Outlaw Queen

No God West of Fort Smith

(Continued from page 17)

to emphasize first the government's and then the defendant's theory . . . and often used strong statements favorable to the prosecution" without balancing them with "equally vigorous statements favorable to the accused. The practice is still followed in the federal courts, and Judge Parker's remarks were mild compared with the remarks of some present-day federal judges.

Perhaps if Parker had not so openly criticized the Supreme Court, it would not have been so inclined to ferret out technical points to his disfavor. It was more than the judge could bear. For six years his irritation smouldered. The reversals in the case of the professional bank robber Henry Starr sparked it to flame.

After robbing the bank at Fayetteville, Arkansas, and an express office in the Indian country, Starr was trailed to a ranch in the Cherokee Nation by Deputy Floyd Wilson. Starr saw the deputy approaching and he went forward to meet him on the trail until only thirty paces separated the two.

WILSON demanded Starr's surrender, and when the latter refused, fired two shots from his rifle over the bandit's head to frighten him. Instead Starr whipped out his revolver and shot Wilson twice, and after the deputy lay on the ground, helpless and badly wounded, Starr approached and emptied his six-shooter into the officer's body at such close range that the burning powder scorched his clothing.

Judge Parker sentenced Starr to the rope. Starr's attorney appealed, and the Supreme Court reversed the decision on the mitigating circumstance that Starr killed Wilson in an open fight.

Starr was tried again in 1895, and again was convicted and sentenced to die. His attorney took out a second writ of error, and the Supreme Court ordered another new trial.

Judge Parker lost his temper. He intimated that he was more familiar with criminal court procedure and criminal law than were justices of the appellate court. "I am not," he stated, in February, 1896, "opposed to the right of appeal. I merely prefer that my decisions be reviewed by courts specializing in criminal law, and that all technicalities not affecting the guilt or innocence of the accused be ignored. The convicted criminal should have the right to have his case reviewed upon a writ of error, but . . . the case should be passed upon according to its merits. The Supreme Court, being learned in the civil law and not the criminal law, looks to the *shadow* in shape of technicalities instead of the *substance* in the form of crime."

And later in the year, he stated: "I have given every criminal a chance to prove his innocence, but I never made hair-splitting distinctions in favor of the criminal at the expense of life." He characterized the appellate court as "knifing the trial judge in the back and allowing the criminal to go free."

WHILE denouncing the Supreme Court, Parker also vigorously assailed Attorney General Judson Harmon and Solicitor General Edward D. Whitney. "They are supposed to speak for this court when cases go up on appeal, but they have blundered badly and let the opposition run off with the show." A bitter controversy arose in which the issue developed into personalities. The justices flayed his honor at Fort Smith for flagrant abuse of power, and Parker declared that he was more familiar with criminal procedure and criminal law than were the justices, whose work was limited almost exclusively to reviewing civil cases.

There was no doubt Judge Parker was an able man and of extensive learning. But he had fought evildoers so long that even his close friends claimed his mind had warped on the subject. The controversy reached the headlines of the newspapers, and friends of the offended justices got the ear of Congress. Attorneys who had lost numerous cases saw a chance to vindicate themselves and damned the court for its "cruelties and inhumanities." Others, considering only the number of men he had hanged, condemned Judge Parker as "harsh" and "cruel" and "tyrannical." In Washington, Senator George Vest of Missouri took the floor to declare the Fort Smith hall of justice "a shambles, a butcher's domain, a stench and a disgrace to civilization."

Congress stripped Judge Parker of his power. The first act gave the northwest fourth of what is now Oklahoma to the federal courts at Wichita and Fort Scott, Kansas; the southwest fourth went to the judicial district of Texas and the federal

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courts at Graham and Paris. And a final act reduced the jurisdiction of the Fort Smith court to the handful of counties in western Arkansas.

JUDGE PARKER'S white beard sank on his chest. How keenly he felt this stripping of authority is revealed in his last grand jury charge of August 5, 1896:

> When this court was removed from Van Buren to this place in 1871, the power of protecting the Indian country was placed in the hands of the people of Arkansas. . . . Why a distrust has been entertained of them, I am not prepared to say. . . . I can say, in vindication of these jurors and of the people, that the law has been as well enforced by them as affecting that country and all the rights of its people as it is enforced in any state of the union anywhere. . . . I can say that more cases of criminals committing high crimes have been tried, a higher percentage of arrests have been made, more convictions have been obtained, more men brought to justice and the law better vindicated, better upheld and better sustained and the rights of the people better protected by the people than in any court in the country; and there has not been a band of robbers or highwaymen or assassins in the Indian country that has not been, by the officers of this court arresting them and by the juries passing upon their cases and finding them guilty, more promptly broken up, destroyed and wiped out. . . .

Had he not been so determined to eradicate lawlessness from this vast district, he might have been able to take a broader view of the decisions of the Supreme Court. On the other hand, Judge Parker's court was a mill which ground out justice in a way the most hardened criminals understood.

With its fall, his mission was ended. On September 1, 1896, the court crier announced: "The Honorable District Court of the United States for the Western District of Arkansas, having criminal jurisdiction over Oklahoma, is now adjourned forever."

Two months and two weeks later Judge Parker was dead.

Shot and Left to Die!

(Continued from page 11)

I enlisted and was assigned to the 6th Cavalry, but was only in the outfit a short time when the Boxer War broke out in China. I could throw a diamond hitch, and went along as a packer in the 14th U.S. Infantry ordered to "take China." I was assigned to M Company, commanded by Captain Charles M. Martin. (He later became Governor of the state of Oregon.) My number in the Armed Forces was R2,135,954. In the name Thomas D. Vernon, the War Department made a mistake and put the "D" in instead of "A." Tom C. Grant (old Silver Tip) and Richard Clark, better known as Dead-Wood Dick, had told me just who I really was while on the show with me. I hold statements signed by both. We were in Tokay, China, all winter and part of the following summer. It's rotten over there.

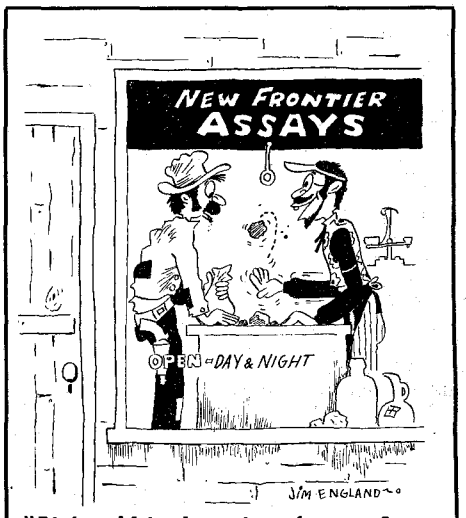
I was mustered out in Presidio, California, and went to firing locomotives on a belt railroad. I fired two years and four months, then left the road and got a job running a locomotive for the Quartermaster Department, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Left there and went into the rodeo game.

When Oklahoma was admitted to statehood, November 16, 1907, Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill), known as the white Chief of the Pawnee Indians, wanted to put on some extra something that had never been seen before in the riding game. I didn't know it, but they had cooked it all up to get me to try and ride a wild buffalo with a saddle on. Four ropers took big heavy rope horses; two of them roped the buffalo around the horns, the other two each by a hind leg and strung him out while I saddled him. When I was in the saddle, and all set, they threw off the ropes and let him loose. He bucked until he fell down on his snoot, then he lay down and wouldn't get up. I was real glad when he refused to get up, for the blood was running out of my nose and ears. Some seven thousand Indians that were present came forward and bestowed the name of Buffalo on me. The Sioux had given me the name of Vernon, so from November 16, 1907, I became known as Buffalo Vernon and it has stuck with me ever since.

IN 1909, I became the first person to ever bulldog a steer from the back of a running horse at Pendleton, Oregon. I repeated the same trick at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1910, the year President Theodore Roosevelt was there. He called me to the grandstand, shook my hand, and handed me a $100 bill. I have roped steers and bulldogged them at all the big rodeos in the country. We, in those days, had to rope and hog-tie 1,000 to 1,200 pound steers; not calves like they rope nowadays. And the bulldogging steers never weighed under 1,000 pounds.

We *bulldogged* them in my time! If you didn't put a steer down in less than ten seconds, you were not in the money. I won the all-round steer roping and bulldogging contest in Madison Square Garden, New York City, 1919.

For a three steer average roped, I had 11 seconds flat; bulldogging, 4 seconds flat. No one has ever tied that time under contest rules. Ask any of the old-timers in the contest game if they remember Buffalo Vernon. I owe my success in the rodeo game to Spot, my old roping horse. Every person in the rodeo game in my time will remember Spot.



"Ain't gold in that mine of yours, Jess—just tons of worthless uranium!"

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The Sioux presented me with a silver and gold-mounted saddle. When Luther Standing Bear was Chief of all three tribal divisions of the Sioux, Standing Bear presented the saddle to me at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

My heart always goes out to the old-time Sioux. They were real fine people, none better in the world. I am 73 years old, but thanks to good health, I eat and sleep well and can still top a bronc off. I will be going over the Great Divide some of these days and hope to meet Chief and Mrs. Iron Tail, Annie Oakley, and all the rest I knew. And above all, my poor father and mother. May God bless them all and keep them resting in peace.

Editor's Note:
TRUE WEST received photostatic copies of the following three letters. They are printed exactly as originally written by John (Shownee) Dieteman,, G. W. Lillie, (Pawnee Bill) and Buffalo Bill Cody.

Kiown Colorado,
November 20th. 1925

Statement of John Shawnee Dieteman;

I knew James Averill and also his wife, Ella, whoes maden Name was Watson before she marred Averill, she was knowen also as Cattle Kate. They were both Murdered on the Sweetwater in Carbon County Wyoming. In July 1889, by a bunch of Cut-Throats and Murderers Whom was hired by a bunch of Big-Cattle-Men;

Both Averill and his Wife owned Homesteads and Averill owned A store where a Post-Office had been established with Averill as Post-Master, Mr. and Mrs. Averill's clames were in the center of a large Section of country occupied by Cattle Ranche's these Ranchmen wanted to Get red of the Settlers and they spared no expences to do so, Ranchmen Claimed Averill and his Wife rustled Cattle, but such could never be Proven,

I knew Averill and his Wife to be honest people, They had a Small boy around six-or seven years old, by the name of Tom, he was Left for dead at the butt of the tree where his Father and Mother Were lynched, he was found by some Indians and cared for by them, He later was taken by Chief Iron Tail, of the Dakotas.

Some of the Cattlemen learned that the boy had lived and was afraid he might see and recognize some of the men that murdered his Parents, so they again started on the murdering road, but were defeated By Iron Tail. and a half breed knowen as pet, I saw the boy a number of Times while he lived with Iron Tail, and later when he was employed with The Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, I was interested to know the boy was Employed by my old friend, Col, W. F. Cody I know the boy has been Hounded and mistreated in many ways through the influences brought to Bear by the big Cattle Lords of Wyoming, he not having any parents It was an easy matter to bring trouble on his shoulders.

In November 1925, I received a letter from C. W. Alexander. 230 Ninth Street, San Francisco California. he enclosed a Picture I at once was sure that it was Tom Averill for he was a dead ringer of his Father, James Averill; but to be sure I ask Mr. Alexander to see if a Small mole was on the back of Tom's neck he informed me such was There, I will vouch that he is James Averill's Son, whoes real name Is Tom Averill, but knowen as Vernon.

(Signed) John Shownee Dieteman

Pawnee Bill's Buffalo Ranch
Pawnee, Oklahoma
December 28, 1929

Gordon Wm. Lillie
"Pawnee Bill"

I wish to state.

In behalf of Tom Averill, Better known as Tom Vernon, that he was with my Show, known as the Pawnee Bill Wild West and And Great Far East, during most of the season Of 1906 and all of 1907, as a Bronco and rough Rider, He wintered with the show in 1906 and Worked on a ranch west of Pawnee for Major Day The winter of 1907.

He was one of the best riders ever with my show, And his conduct was beyond reproach all of the time He was employed by me. On the 16th of November 1907 When Oklahoma was admitted to Statehood he made A special Exhibition ride on a Buffalo At Pawnee.

He will always have my best wishes. For his future welfare.

(Signed)
G. W. Lillie

The two famous showmen, Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill. Each employed Buffalo Vernon in his show and each was his firm friend and supporter.

Denver, Colorado.
November 11th 1913.

Mr. Tom Averill
c/o Quatermaster Dept.
Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Dear Friend Averill:

In accordance with your request of September 5th, I feel it, not only my duty, but a real pleasure to recommend you as one of the best Riders and Ropers and Steer Bulldogers, that ever stept into the Arena of my Wild West Show.

Our records show that you first joined the Show in 1896 when you were about thirteen years old but even at that age an expert rider, you remained on the show until 1899, and later returned and signed on the Ride, Rope and Bulldoge Steers for the Season of 1908, and left the show at Sacramento California that year.

If I can ever help you in any way, I am only too glad to do so.

Let me hear from you again,
Always your friend,
(Signed)
W. F. CODY
"Buffalo Bill"

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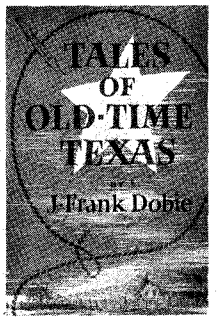

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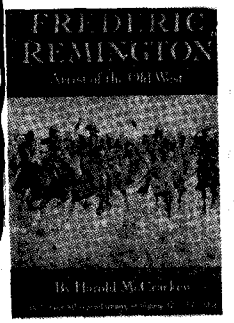

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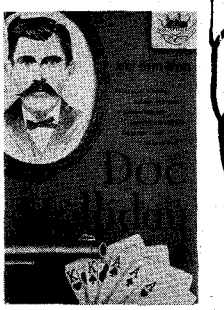

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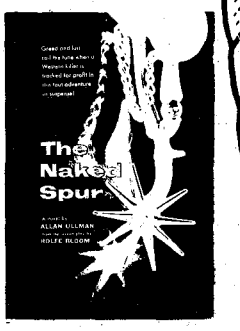

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By The Old Bookaroos

THE BAR CROSS NOVELIST

THE LIFE AND PERSONAL WRITINGS OF EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES, A BAR CROSS MAN (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) by W. H. Hutchison is a book no lover of the early West will put down until he has read the last page.

Hutchison has given us a magnificent biography based on Rhodes' personal letters skillfully amplified with a vast amount of other information from his family and friends. Most of the letters in the book are to the legion of Gene's friends, Andy Adams, Pat Garrett, Albert Fall, Oliver Lee, Walter Prescott Webb, and many others on both sides of the law. These letters tell of Rhodes' struggle to write in the face of poverty and ill health—a struggle that overshadowed his life from his earliest days in New Mexico until his death in California. Most of all, they reveal the man himself, his honesty in thought even more than deed, and his willingness to fight at the drop of a hat regardless of cost. Not a few of them were to or about his enemies.

Most of Rhodes' fights were with contemporary writers, many of them men of ability who, in Rhodes' opinion, debased their talents to produce the kind of "literature" they thought the public wanted. The fact that they included such popular writers as Mencken, Fitsgerald, Lewishon, and Hecht didn't phase Rhodes and as likely as not he would fire off a blistering letter telling them just what he thought of their stuff. He was equally quick to defend his friends against some real or imagined slight and the vast amount of time he spent in such correspondence cost him dearly, a matter that worried Rhodes not at all.

In the words of the *Santa Fe New Mexican* at the time of his death, Rhodes was "quizzical, original, entertaining, pungent, picturesque, and a brilliant master of language." These qualities are amply displayed in his letters and Rhodes fans owe Hutchison a debt of gratitude for making them available. They will appreciate, too, the check list of Rhodes' published writings which completes the book.

MIGHTY WESTENERS

Irving Stone's MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS (Doubleday, $5.95 and a special autographed Far West Edition at $10) is about the opening of the far West, 1840-1900. This is a volume in the Mainstream of America Series with a fine theme—there were always big men to deal with the big problems that had to be solved in settling the West. This is a big rewarding book and covers the primary historical events that took place in California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado. There is a fine bibliography, and a good index. Worth the money!

McKinley Helm's FRAY JUNIPERO SERRA, THE GREAT WALKER (Stanford University Press, $4) is a brief biography of the founder of the well known chain of California Missions. The author tells the story in the form of a poetic drama. It is an unusual but not unpleasing genre which suits the dramatic quality of the material very well indeed. This is a beautifully printed book and a worthy addition to a California Missions or a Soldiers of the Lord collection.

JOURNAL OF LT. THOMAS W. SWEENY, 1849-1853 (Westernlore, $7.50), with an introduction and comprehensive notes by Arthur Woodward, is the first book publication of the diary of a fighting Irishman. Tom lost an arm in the Mexican War but secured a commission in the regular army and rose to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers during the Civil War. This book is of particular interest, however, because it covers his period of service at Yuma Crossing on the Colorado River and in the Colorado River Indian wars. This is another beautifully printed volume (No. 7) in the Great West and Indian Series and is limited to 350 copies.

RANGE LIFE

Floyd Shuster Maine's LONE EAGLE: THE WHITE SIOUX (University of New Mexico Press, $4.50) is a thoroughly entertaining book. It is the story of two brothers, one (Lone Eagle) raised as the son of a Sioux Chief and the other (the author) brought up in a home of culture in New Jersey. Their meeting on the Crow reservation in Montana and their cattle ranching experiences are described with force and a restrained economy of words. In addition, Lone Eagle tells the story of his boyhood as a Sioux and many interesting historical tales he heard the old Indians tell including the Indian side of the story of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. A must for the range life, Indian, and Custeriana collectors, this is top-notch Western Americana.

TEXAS COUNTY HISTORY

Bob Bennett's KERR COUNTY, TEXAS, 1857-1956 (Naylor, $7.50) is an entertaining centennial history. Bennett, a veteran newspaper editor, refused to follow the usual chronological rote for local history—for example, the chapter on "Admiral Chester W. Nimitz," who spent his boyhood in Kerrville, precedes the chapter on "Indian Depredations"—and the result is mighty pleasing. Captain Schreiner, great rancher and merchant; Jose Policarpio Rodriquez, scout, guide, and Indian fighter; German and British colonists; Camp Verde and its camels; and the Battle of Bandera Pass all have a place in this story of a hundred years in the famed Hill country. Good photographs and some nice drawings by Olive Vandruff plus a fine index add to the value of the book. Recommended.

OUTLAWS AND GUNMEN

Stewart. H. Holbrook's THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN REVOLUTION (Holt, $3.95) is primarily the story of a professional killer, Harry Orchard. He was the hatchet man for the Western Federa-

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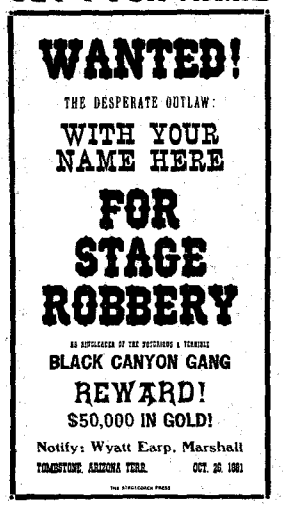

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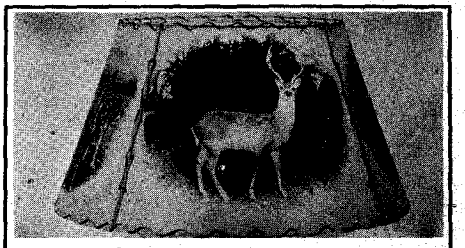

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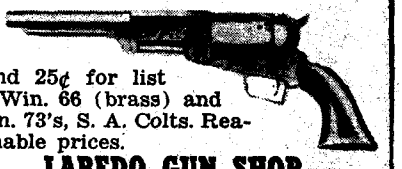

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tion of Miners but no dedicated union man—he killed for pay. Big Bill Haywood, who was later to organize the "Wobblies" and still later flee to Russia, was Orchard's boss. Charles H. Moyer, Federation President, and George A. Pettibone were also involved in guiding Orchard's career as a dynamite terrorist. The Cour d 'Alenes, Crippled Creek, and Denver all sampled Orchard's expertness but he slipped when he killed ex-Governor Stuenenberg of Idaho. He was captured and confessed, implicating Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone. There is much on the trial of Haywood who was prosecuted by the then newly elected Senator Borah and defended by Clarence Darrow. This chapter in the history of the West needed recording and Holbrook has done a careful and highly readable job of it.

Frazier Hunt's THE TRAGIC DAYS OF BILLY THE KID (Hastings, $5) is the best written account to date of the life and doings of the little killer. It misses being a great book by just a little —that little being the clearly shown pro-Billy prejudice of the author. To be sure, Billy was a victim of circumstances (aren't we all?) but this attempt to make the little cowboy gone wrong the light-hearted hero fails to come off—the author includes sufficient evidence in the book to thoroughly cloud his own picture of the Kid. The author utilized the research of many in presenting this account and it seems to this reviewer that he might have been a little more generous in his recognition of sources. Even a bibliography would have helped.

Despite these faults, the book probably comes closer to fact than any of the other Kid books—for example gone for good, it is hoped, are the many figments of the imagination of Ash Upson concerning Billy's boyhood. The maps by Bob Mullin add to the understanding of the various events. Highly readable but lacking objectivity.

FRONTIER POST

Carl Coke Rister's FORT GRIFFIN ON THE TEXAS FRONTIER (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.50) is a solid book based on much research. Dr. Rister did not live to see the book in print but he had done his job quite well despite the feeling that the book wasn't quite finished when the Southwest lost one of its best historians. The Reynolds, Matthews, and other early users of the Rolling Red Plains range spear-headed the permanent settlement of the Fort Griffin country. The soldiers, the hide-hunters and some notorious characters add their bit to the story and the Kiowas and Comanches kept things stirred up throughout Fort Griffin's short life.

GREAT REPRINTS

George Bird Grinnell's THE FIGHTING CHEYENNES (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) is one of the truly great books of Western Americana. This handsome reprint has an introduction by Stanley Vestal.

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Washington Irving's A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES (University of Oklahoma Press, $2) is Volume 7 in The Western Frontier Library. A Western classic.

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Who Was The Greatest Lawman?

(Continued from page 13)

Bill Tilghman traced the book to a trusted Mosler employee. This enterprising gent was supplying the safe combinations to his brother-in-law, who committed the actual robberies. One profitable partnership broken up by Bill Tilghman.

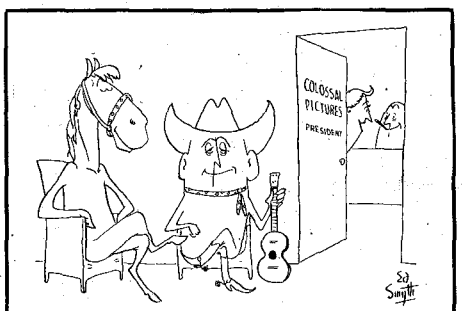
Words bespeak the man—and many of Bill Tilghman's words are worthy of repeating:

"I never shot at a man—and missed him!" said Bill.

To the dangerous outlaw Bill Doolin, at Eureka Springs, Tilghman said quietly: "Don't make me kill you, Bill."

To a man who offered him a "foolproof" scheme for making some quick but crooked money, Bill replied, "I'm here to *prevent* crime, not take part in it."

There's a brief picture of Bill Tilghman—my nomination for the greatest lawman the West ever knew. Naturally, I couldn't cram all the highlights of a law enforcement career lasting nearly forty-seven years into one short magazine article, but I hope that I have given you a clear idea of this man Tilghman—a man whose patience and calmness prevented crime, as often as his courage and daring punished it.



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Did the Dutchman Find Montezuma's Treasure?

(Continued from page 19)

the real immigrants of the early days: ranchers, miners, prospectors, soldiers, scouts, Indians and Mexicans. I too speak the language of these people.

I know personally the story of Geronimo's Cave and his supposed hidden treasure. In the near future, my wife and I together with two other people, are going to examine the cave and its contents. First, of course, it will be necessary for us to obtain the approval of the Apache Council. This may not be easy, as—according to Apache legend—the cave contains gold and silver that was given to the tribe by their Thunder God. It is also rumored to contain the spoils of many raids upon immigrant wagon trains and homes.

In conclusion, may I state that Billy's last name was changed in the writing of this article. This was not because of any untruths in the article, but due solely to the fact that Billy does not seek notoriety, and for certain business agreements due to materialize in the near future. This remarkable man is now 98 years old and, in his own words, "just a kid yet!" His actions, his brightness of eye and his wiry physique all belie the long years behind him. He is very positive that "no ledge of pure, raw gold exists now or ever existed in the Superstition Mountains." I concur in that belief.

Bravest of the Braves

(Continued from page 29)

on their hope of soon establishing missions on the Plains. The Grand Pawnee chief, Sharitarish, listened to one particularly enthusiastic gentleman of the cloth and replied bluntly:

"It is too soon to send missionaries among us. We are not starving yet. We wish to enjoy hunting until the wild animals are extinct. Let us use up the wild animals before you make us work and spoil our happiness."

The subject of missions was hastily dropped by the churchmen.

Shortly after this meeting with the ministers, Petalesharo wearily suggested that the delegates quit the strange country of the *La-chi-kuts* (Big Knives, Americans) and go home while they could still travel. The suggestion was promptly accepted by the disgruntled tribesmen. They had accomplished precisely nothing on their trip. The white man's food was making them all sick in the belly, and they yearned for fat buffalo meat to straighten out their ailing innards.

Petalesharo enjoyed wearing his medal for ten years before the white man's dread plague, smallpox, took his life. In 1832, a number of Pawnees visiting the camp of a Santa Fe trader contracted the disease. Contemporary reports stated that the white traders deliberately infected the Pawnees with smallpox by spreading the virus on articles of clothing which they then presented to the Indians. The Red Death spread swiftly to all four villages of the Pawnees, and within two weeks over 3000 persons died. Knife Chief and his hero son, Petalesharo, were victims of the frightful epidemic.

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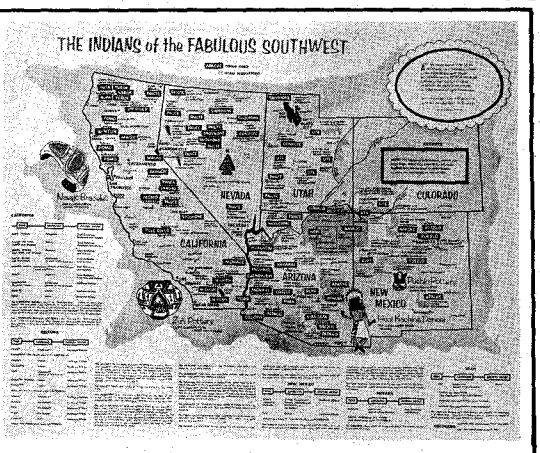

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Dear Norm:

As an old-time *Tejano,* I'd sure like you to know how much I enjoyed your story on the Comanches, *Lords of the South Plains,* in the October issue of TRUE WEST. To my mind, your entire Indian Series is the best material written on the Plains Indians in years and certainly deserves to be permanently preserved for posterity in book form. Hurry up and print the chapter on the Sioux and get the book published. I have a selfish reason for asking this. I am 81 years old and my health is getting pretty shaky, and I'd like to buy the book and read it over before leaving it to my great-grandson. One sure thing, he'll never read anything more interesting and authentic than your Indian articles—and that is the opinion of an old-timer who has known many Indians and has studied Indian lore and history for 70 years.

Since I last wrote you from my home in Dallas a couple of months ago, you may wonder what I'm doing down here in San Antone. Well, somehow I just had to see the Alamo again before I cashed my checks. You'll know what I mean when I say choke up with emotion every time I step through that old arched doorway and visit once more the hallowed place where men of valor died that Texas might live. *Adios* and *vaya con Dios.*—James E. (Jeb) Foreman, Hotel Crockett, San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gipson:

Have just finished reading the two very interesting and informative articles on the buffalo in a back issue of TRUE WEST (March-April, 1956).

Neither of these articles—nor any other on the buffalo that I have ever read—mentions what I believe was the largest wild herd of these animals existing in the United States at the time of its extermination early in the 1920's.

When I was a boy in Grantsville, Utah, there was on Antelope Island in Great Salt Lake a wild bison herd numbering more than 200 animals. This herd was the result of multiplication on the rocky island from a few animals placed there at some early time. The island was, if my memory is correct, state rather than federal property, and the State of Utah had forbidden hunting there. Antelope Island is a rocky peak sticking up from the extremely salty waters of Great Salt Lake, too far from shore for the animals to leave. But, unfortunately, it had only limited forage.

The buffalo herd had increased to a point where the island's forage would no longer sustain it. At that point, the state decided to get rid of the animals. According to my memory of the reports published at that time, there were then only about 50 bison in Yellowstone Park and fewer than 100 in the Montana herd. So the herd on Antelope Island was the largest in the U. S.

Some of the animals were shipped to zoos and private owners. Then a day was set for killing off the rest. The buffalo hunters—a half-century after the last of that breed had hunted on the Great Plains—were hauled to the island by boat. And there took place the last buffalo slaughter of our history.

The meat was placed on sale in meat markets of Utah towns and cities. It was the first time I had ever tasted buffalo meat. Nor did I taste it again until many years later, in Montana, when I got a piece of one of the animals butchered in the annual kill of the increase in the Government herd at Moiese.

Some time, if I am back in Utah where I can look up the source material, I may try to give you a more complete account of this last big buffalo hunt.—Bryce W. Anderson, 160 De Soto Way, San Bruno, California.

Editor TRUE WEST:

I buy TW at a newsstand, and never miss an issue. I am an oldtime Westerner, 80 years of age. I wonder if you folks ever ran across a poem entitled *Between the Pecos and the Rio Grande.* I'd sure like to find a copy of that poem, as it would remind me of days gone by. In 1895 I used to cross that strip of country regularly, back and forth. My pardner and I used to haul big loads of Resurrection plants to Langtry on the Rio Grande. We sold the plants to Dodd, Roy Bean's foreman.

We gathered the plants along the ledges of Devil's River, hauling two or three thousand at a trip. We got from two cents to five cents apiece for the plants according to size.

Getting back to the poem: That piece of poetry sure hits that strip of country dead center. I don't know the author of the poem, but he sure knew that old strip between the Pecos and the Rio Grande. I'd sure like to have a copy.—Dan A. Freeman, Rt. 1, Box 142-H, San Luis Obispo, California.

There's a Moral Here—Stay out of Prison and Read TRUE WEST!

Dear Editor:

Enclosed please find $3.75, to pay for issues 1 through 14 exclusive of 2 and 3.

"Your face looks familiar—do I know you?"

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I had a subscription but also the misfortune to be in prison, and after receiving one issue the self-appointed censor of my moral life—the deputy warden—decreed that your magazine was not fit reading matter for my 35-year-old morals! He disposed of the rest of the magazines as they arrived and wouldn't even allow me to stop my subscription. Nice fellow! He also tore the pictures out of my *ESQUIRE* too—you know, the *big* pictures that were usually the tamest. I always suspected that he papered his room with 'em, but had no proof. Anyhow, just to show I hold no hard feelin's, I have been sending him an *ESQUIRE* picture each month since I've been out. I know how he must miss them since my release after four years, nine months and seventeen days.

I enjoy your magazine very much, having been raised in the True West myself. My father loves TW also, as he was born in Sapulpa, Indian Territory, when it was rough.—Rusty Robinson, 204 Bank Street, Wallace, Idaho.

No Comment Necessary

Sirs:

Enclosed find check for $3.00, for which please send me the next twelve issues of TRUE WEST.

I thumbed through one at the laundry the other day and found it very interesting—especially for my teen-age son.—Mrs. Ray Howell, 306 North Smith, Breckenridge, Texas.

Two Letters on Wyatt Earp

To the Editor of TRUE WEST:

I have read many stories on the life of Wyatt Earp, and frankly I am getting more confused all the time. Some articles picture Earp as a hero and others try to expose him as an outlaw. I don't know which to believe, and I sure would like to know the true facts. For example, there is much disagreement about the famous battle of the O. K. Corral in Tombstone. Was it really a fair fight or just murder? Were the three men who died there armed or not?

I would appreciate any help you can give me on this subject, and would also like to hear from TRUE WEST readers on this.—Roderick D. Lincoln, 2508 West Fairview, Spokane, Washington.

Editor, TRULY WESTERN:

I am writing in regard to Mr. Joseph C. Weber's question in your August, 1956, issue. He asked a question about Wyatt Earp in a letter to TRULY WESTERN. I have done quite a bit of research work on Earp and his family, so I will try to answer Mr. Weber.

First off, I must state that I did not read the article on Earp in ARGOSY. However, I can say this about Mr. Weber's questions:

On shooting: Wyatt believed in an accurate shot aimed with a "cool head," rather than in the flashy draw-and-shoot-first type of gunplay. Deliberate and accurate was his method. Yet he must have been fairly fast on the draw (although he never claimed to be) since he carried a 12-inch barrel Colt during his heyday as sheriff in the Tombstone area. Most of the time he used his fists instead of a gun, and if a gun was necessary, he used it as a club and "buffaloed" his opponents in most cases.

To back my statement on a "fairly fast draw," I refer you to the time in Tombstone when Wyatt outdrew Tom

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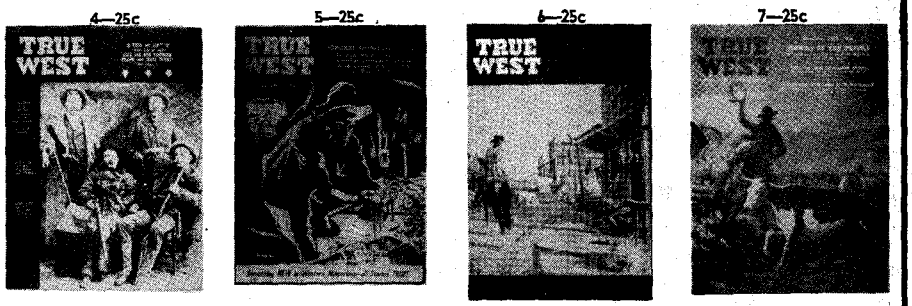

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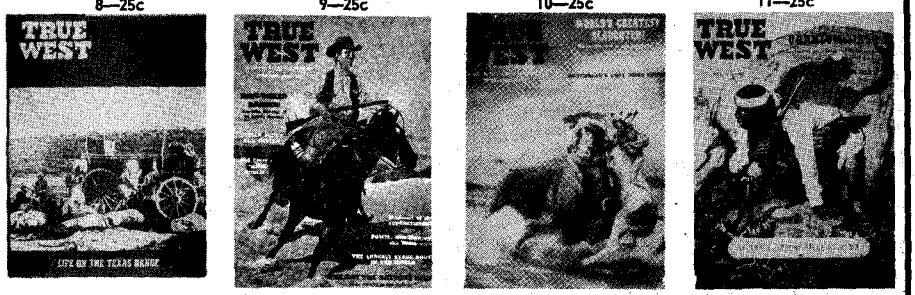

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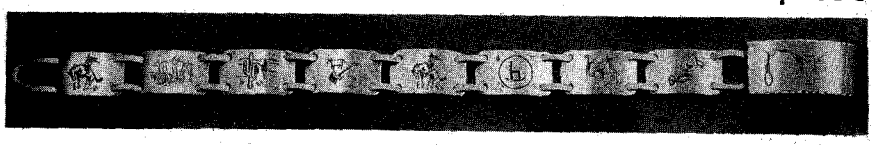

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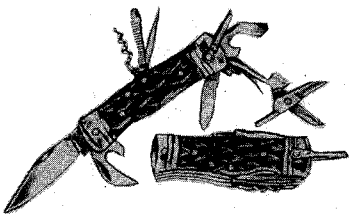

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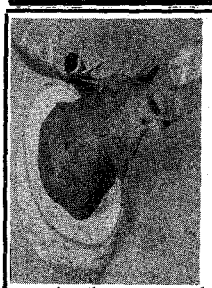

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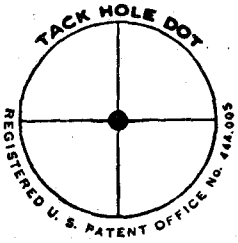

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McLowery in 1881 and hit him over the head (buffaloed him) instead of killing him. Earp got into action with his 12-inch barrel Buntline Special Colt before McLowery cleared leather.

To clear up the matter of whether Earp was ever a marshal:

Wyatt was appointed marshal of Dodge City, Kansas, in 1877, by Mayor Kelly.

He was appointed *United States* Marshal of the Tombstone District by United States Marshal of Arizona Crawley P. Drake in 1880. In 1882, Earp was vested with full powers as Marshal to enforce the law. This was done by the Acting Governor of Arizona, John J. Gosper. Wyatt was never known to be relieved of this duty throughout his life. In 1896 he was offered the job of U. S. Marshal of Arizona at the appointment of President William McKinley. He refused the appointment on the ground that he was still U. S. Marshal of the Southestern District of Arizona Territory, and also because, in his opinion, such an appointment would only stir up trouble again.

The Ellsworth incident: Of that I am not sure. I refer you to the Pioneer edition of the *Ellsworth Reporter* (published in 1947), Section Two, Page Six. This tells of the killing of Sheriff Whitney, and has a picture of him and Bill Thompson. However, it does not tell of Wyatt Earp taking part in the affair. Also, I refer you to the book, *Texas Hellion,* by J. H. Plenn, Pages 89 to 95. This is a book of Ben Thompson's life, and gives a different version of his surrender of his guns. The only other place to obtain information on this incident that I know of is the Ellsworth Chamber of Commerce or the Kansas Historical Society.

The O. K. Corral Fight: Post mortem reports disclose that the wounds received by the Clantons and McLowerys were made when the men's arms were down, NOT in the air in a position of surrender. There has been some speculation as to who of the Clantons and McLowerys were armed. This fact was established: Billy Clanton and Frank McLowery were armed. Ike Clanton stated later at the trial that there were two Winchesters in the saddle scabbards of two horses near Frank and Tom McLowery. Sheriff Behan told the Earps that he (Behan) had disarmed the Clantons and McLowerys at the O. K. Corral. This statement, made by Behan previous to the gunfight, should have thrown the Earps offguard. No one knows if it did. Virgil, in the lead, entered the corral yard and shouted: "Throw up your hands, you're under arrest!"—or some similar statement. Then the shooting started.

If—as has been stated by Earp detractors—Wyatt and his group were out to kill off the Clanton-McLowery outfit, why did Wyatt let Ike Clanton go when Ike asked Wyatt to spare his life during the fight?

I suggest that Mr. Weber obtain a copy of the decision handed down by Judge Wells Spicer at the trial. He stated that the Earps and Holliday were fully justified in committing these homicides, and that the killings were necessary in the discharge of their duties as lawmen.

For my references to these answers, I will quote the source of my material: *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal,* by Stuart N. Lake; *Doc Holliday,* by John Myers Myers; *The Tombstone Story,* by John Myers Myers; *Tombstone,* by Walter Noble Burns; *Tombstone's Epitaph,* by Douglas D. Martin; *Western Badmen,* by William Waters; *Wyatt Earp, U. S. Marshal,* by Stewart H. Holbrook, *Dodge City, Queen of the Cowtowns,* by Stanley Vestal; *Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws,* by William MacLeod Raine; *Pictorial History of the Wild West,* by J. D. Horan and P. Sann.

There are, to my knowledge, three books published which give a different slant to Wyatt Earp. These are:

Gunsmoke, by Sarah Grace Bakarich; *Triggernometry,* by Eugene Cunningham; *Helldorado,* by William M. Breakenridge.

However, in my opinion, the best qualified person alive to tell you about Wyatt Earp, the man and the marshal, is his friend and biographer who is now living in San Diego, California. You can reach him at the following address: Stuart N. Lake, 3916 Portola Place, San Diego, California. Another person collecting items on Wyatt Earp is Mr. R. Elam, of the Tombstone, Arizona, Chamber of Commerce.

I hope this letter is of some help to you in getting things straightened out for Mr. Weber after reading the confused ARGOSY article.—Captain M. H. Gibson, HQ F.E.A.F. Box 625, A.P.O. 925, San Francisco, California.

Hickok the Rat?

Gents:

You fellers have a great magazine. Keep up the great work—but keep that damned Wild Bill Hickok out of TRUE WEST if you can. I'm getting sick and tired of hearing the name Hickok. Hickok! Hickok! Hickok the Hero! I'd say Hickok the Rat! Why don't you people quit talking as if Hickok was the greatest gunman of his time?

Print something about a *real* gunman for a change; go look up Tom Threepersons. Tom was a much faster and more accurate gunslinger than Hickok ever was. He was a marshal in the Southwest; a halfbreed Indian and a really decent human being, which Hickok was not.

Hickok would try to get an advantage over men he fought; Tom Threepersons would invariably give an opponent the best break he could. Tom would let his opponent draw first, then he would draw so fast that he would have his gun out, cocked and ready to fire before the other man had cleared leather. If his opponent continued to draw, Tom would shoot so as to cripple him; if not, that ended the

"Look, Daddy, my dog has broken into several pieces!"

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episode insofar as Tom was concerned. He was not only the best gun-fighter of his era, but a humane and upright person. You don't often find that combination in the same man.

Well, that's enough about Tom Threepersons, but I hope you guys get the point and print the stories of men who did something for this country instead of for their own personal gain, as did Hickok the Heel.—Eugene Stagg, Portage Route, Floweree, Montana.

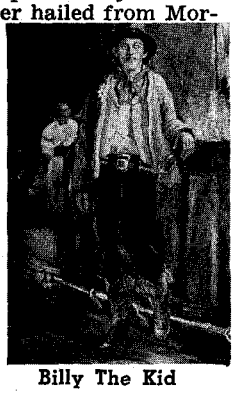
Portraits of Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid

Dear Mr. Wiltsey:

As research editor of TRUE WEST, you will undoubtedly be interested in the story behind these two pictures. This is the first authentic portrait of Billy the Kid, and—we believe—the other picture is the first portrait ever made of Pat Garrett, the sheriff who shot down the Kid in the dark at Fort Sumner in 1881.

The story behind the portraits is this: These pictures were painted by Lea F. McCarty, whose father hailed from Morgan, Texas. Could the artist be related to Billy the Kid? The possibility is extremely great, since the Kid's father came from Texas and was named McCarty, but he carried the name of Henry or Billy Antrim, after his stepfather. He took the name of William H. Bonney so as not to disgrace the family name. It is also interesting to note that Billy's portrait indicates the fact that he was indubitably left-handed.—Lea McCarty, 305 Jean Drive. Santa Rosa, California.

Pat Garrett



Billy The Kid

Tom Mix Not a Cowboy?

Editor, TRULY WESTERN:

If you take the suggestion of a reader whose request for a true life story of Tom Mix was recently printed in TW, I hope you keep it accurate. I don't know where the writer of this letter got his idea that Mix was a genuine cowboy right off the range unless he read an article in a national publication a few years ago by Gene Autry entitled, "The Greatest of Them All." This yarn purported to be a true life story of Tom Mix.

My long-time boss and best friend of many years, Colonel Zack Miller, told me many times that he first met Mix when Tom was a bartender in Oklahoma City and gave him a job on the 101 Ranch. NOT a job as a cowboy; which Tom was not then and never got to be. Colonel Miller told me a short time before his death that Mix couldn't even double a rope and throw it in a corral, let alone rope his own horse. I knew many working cowboys who knew Mix when he was on the 101 Ranch, and later with the 101 Ranch Show after Tom be-

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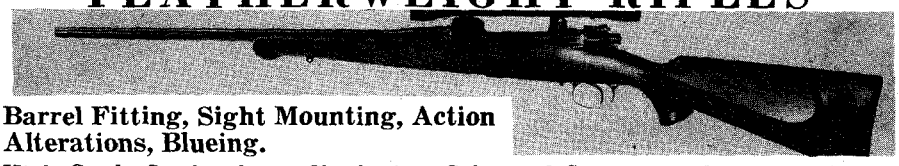

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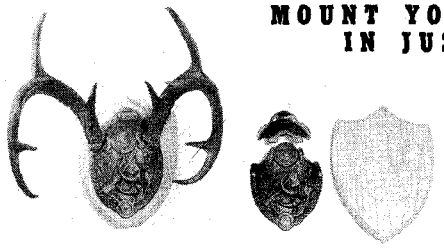

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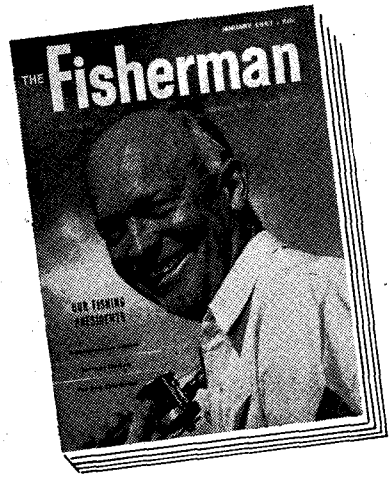

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The Fisherman Oxford, Ohio

came famous as a movie cowboy. To them, Mr. Mix was always a big joke.

The true life story of Mr. Mix would be interesting, as he was undoubtedly the all-time great movie cowboy. But, please, let's not call him a genuine cowboy and a lot of other things which he never was; such as a Texas Ranger who brought in all the bad ones the other Rangers didn't want to tackle. I never heard that an Honorary Texas Ranger was a working Ranger!—C. A. Dill, Route 2, Vinita, Oklahoma.

Readers! Let Us Hear From You On This

Dear Joe:

It is not my habit to write letters to magazines, but the recent excitement over the Hero or Heel view of our old West characters seems to me to be getting entirely out of hand.

As a writer who has studied the old West and the history of gunmen, good and bad, for a great many years, I know for a positive fact that it is impossible to secure accurate and positive information needed to prove the case either way.

I spent over a year in Arizona digging into the Earp-Clanton situation and found it easy to make a case for or against Earp; it all depended upon which side you decided to believe. I traveled many miles visiting remote ranches to talk with persons who were alive during those days and were supposed to know the facts. If they were on Earp's side, they were all for him; if they belonged to the Clanton faction, Earp was a no-good so and so. Both factions were sincere in their belief and positive of their "facts."

I consulted officials of various societies and organizations; read everything printed in the newspapers of the times when Tombstone was the center of excitement, and I found a similar situation. Even the Court records did not always agree.

My studies have included careful investigation of many case histories: Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, and other notables of that famous feud. I knew the last living survivor of the Dalton Gang, who spent several years in Hollywood, wrote a book about the gang and traded on the family name. When I was a youngster I knew Bat Masterson in New York; the list is almost endless and pointless to enumerate. All I wish to make clear is that, in every case, there are two sides to the picture AND IT WAS UP TO THE WRITER TO TRY AND DETERMINE THE TRUTH AND REPORT IT AS HE SAW IT.

What is gained by making some of our national heroes heels? Is this some Communistic propaganda to tear down everything American youth reveres? Books have been written "proving" that George Washington was not the noble character we know and love. Every national figure has been reviled by some people, usually seeking their brief moment in the spotlight. Sure, they were all human, even as you and I, and they all had their faults. But their virtues over-shadowed the faults and they live on. They will continue to live long after their detractors are forgotten.

There never was a man who so lived that someone could not point to something he had done some time that did not look too well in print. The world has known only one perfect man . . . and they crucified Him.

Anyone can tear down; it takes courage to build. Let's quit tearing down our heroes. Let us find the good in them and forget their mistakes.

Keep TRUE WEST a magazine that builds faith and love in the old West and those who made it great.—J. Charles Davis, 2nd, P. O. Box 77533, Sta. Dockweiler, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

Let's have your vote on this, boys. Do you agree with Mr. Davis? What he says about there being two sides is true. But can we retain the word "True" in our title and print only the good that was in the Old West? Shall we run only compliments on its characters, leave out their human frailties? We are not trying to tear down only. Neither are we trying to build up where it isn't deserved. Do our people today want the truth or something they can cling to and worship blindly? I do wish we could get more objectivity from our authors all right—not to take sides but report both sides to the best of their abilities. It's a tough job—trying to get the true picture. Let us have your reactions on this.—Joe.

What Outfit Burned the Rocking R Iron?

Howdy to you, Joe, and all the rest of your TW outfit:

I got my TRUE WEST, the one that that feller Jack Davis drawed them funny pictures all over, including the cover. I wish to state that I'd like a chance to shake that hombre's paw, 'cause he sure hit the old nail square on the head, he did!

Jack's cover brought to mind a question I've been studying on a long spell and getting no place. Mebbe you, Joe, or some of the readers of that turrible rag of yours could help me out. Here's the question:

I've seen and heard of that Rocking R brand for a long time, but have never known anybody to burn that iron. What I'd like to know is whose iron it is, has been or still is? Maybe somebody can tell me something about that iron. I sure hope so, as the question has been bothering me for a long time.

Am looking forward to the next issue of TRUE WEST, hoping they keep getting better as they come.—Jim Marshall, W-Ranch, Pie Town, New Mexico.

The Indian's Bride

One day I wandered far from town
And on the desert sat me down
The sun beat hard upon my hide
And as I sat and slowly fried,
Across the blistering sands, I saw
An Indian with brand-new squaw;
As they drew near, I heard sighs—
The lovely bride raised tired eyes
That shone most wistfully upon
The horse her Brave sat proudly on.
"Why don't you let her ride?" I cried.
Surprised, the gallant Brave replied,
"She has no horse! How can she ride?"
—Lorna Baker

Coming Up!

(Continued from page 2)

Texas Jack, last of the great Oklahoma outlaws. Homer rashly challenged Jack's statement that he (Jack) was "buddies with Jesse James." Jack went for his six-gun and . . . Homer miraculously lived to write about it in "I Looked Death in the Eye."

Max Evans' spooky little tale of witchcraft, "The Witches' Brew," and a new department, "Wild Old Days," wind up a real meaty issue. See you later, Podner . . .

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A PAIR OF CONCHOS

By Judith Rascoe

In the Old West the dividing line between what was done and what was not done was pretty fine, and a point of honor was liable to have a sharp edge. A pair of silver conchos once made the difference between life and death.

Emmettsville, Idaho Territory, was a thriving little western town in the eighteen-eighties. The town is in the eastern part of the Payette Valley about thirty miles north-east of Boise. Sheepherders and loggers coming down from the upper country would stop in Emmett for a change of clothes and a drink. There were dances every Saturday night and the two saloons in town would be kept busy pouring out whiskey and beer for the men who came in to wet their whistles. My grandfather owned one saloon; the other was Grady's. The bartender at Grady's was a man named Josiah Stone, a big man with a cigar always stuck in his mouth. Stone was a quiet man who minded his own business and was known as a square dealer, and he had the prettiest wife in town. Mrs. Stone was inclined to be tall like her husband, but she had a regular hour-glass figure and pale brown hair, and she had a sweet nature. She stayed home most of the day and evening while her husband worked, sometimes coming into town to shop or visit. She had a pretty surrey that she drove, and men tipped their hats to her as she drove by.

One day a new man came to town, a sheepherder from over in Oregon. He rode a nice horse and had his pay in his pocket, and although he was a bit inclined to run off at the mouth, nobody paid much attention to him. Somehow he met Mrs. Stone and they took a liking to each other. He would ride out to her place—a good ten minutes ride from town—and hitch his horse to the fence, and they would ride out in the foothills in Mrs. Stone's pretty little surrey. The man stayed around town for a week or so, staying at the Russell Hotel and visiting Mrs. Stone while Josiah tended the bar at Grady's, and pretty soon everybody in town knew all about it, presumably even Stone; but he did nothing and one day the sheepherder left town to go back to Oregon.

When the sheepherder returned in a few months he took up where he left off and everybody in town waited for something to happen; but Stone never hinted that he knew anything about what was going on between his wife and the other man. The sheepherder would go into Grady's and order a drink, and Stone would serve him just like he would anybody else. Every afternoon the man would ride out to Mrs. Stone's and the neighbors would see the surrey going toward the foot-hills. Now nobody said Mr. Stone was a coward and they all understood why he didn't say anything because they knew Josiah Stone, but they waited for the sheepherder to go just one step further. One day the sheepherder stopped by the local photographer's place and then rode out of town again, headed for Oregon.

A month passed and then two months, and in a busy town like Emmettsville people forget local scandals after a while. Grady's place did a good business. Strangely enough, the loggers in that part of the country were known for their good manners. A number of them

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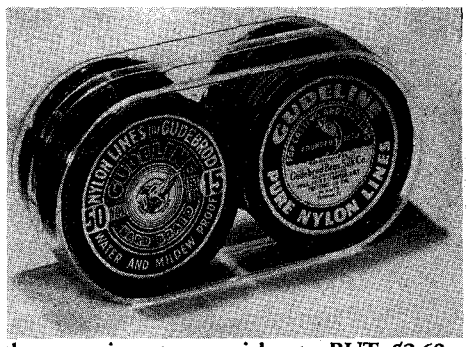

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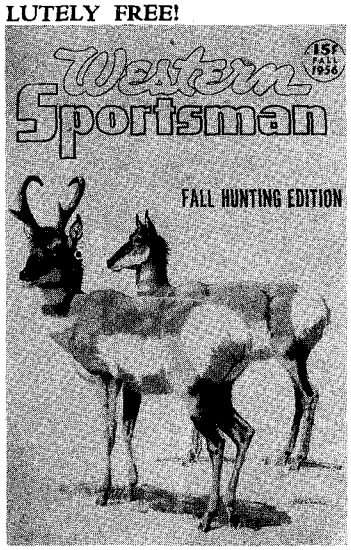

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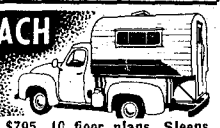

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That's what you'll be, Chum (mighty near) if you take us up on this offer—but we're the ones who's apt to get shot for the deed.

You see, Old Joe is so scared he'll run out of the Turrible Rag that he's kept too many copies and every time us g.r.s in the circulation department go in the back issue room we have to just about crawl—never saw so many magazines!

So we got Old Joe off on the trail of a lucious blonde (he's getting too old to CATCH anything) and we're making this offer while he's gone. Steal them while we're not looking:

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Son, that's just a trifling ten cents EACH—and they sell on the newsstands for 15c each! Plenty of good outdoor reading here. Order 10 for a sick friend, son in the army, Veteran Hospitals—they LOVE the Turrible Rag! We can't supply specific issues at this rate—just 10 All-Different back issues. So fill in the coupon and let'er rip!

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were educated young easterners who had come west for adventure. Fights and shootings were few, and differences were settled on the side-walk and not in the saloons.

The sheepherder came back to town on a Tuesday morning. He took a room at the Hotel Russell. He had lunch and went to the General Mercantile for a new set of clothes. Late in the evening he hitched his horse in front of Grady's and went in. A few men gathered around the bar saw him order a drink from Stone, who was tending bar that night. Nobody said a word. Loggers and ranchers and sheepherders and a few miners from Silver City came in and out and Stone kept the glasses moving across the counter. A friendly game got started in the corner and the sheepherder stood by to watch. Then somebody came in and whispered something to somebody else who told it to another man. A few eyes turned toward the sheepherder. Somebody went up and said something to Stone and he and Stone went out of the bar together for a minute. When Stone came back in he walked up to the sheepherder and asked him to come on outside with his gun; Stone had his strapped on him. The two men went out together and in a few minutes Stone had shot and killed the other man, leaving him lying in a trickle of blood on the board walk. Stone was neither arrested nor prosecuted, and everybody knew he was right, for outside the saloon the sheepherder's horse was hitched and in the conchos on the bridle were pictures of Mrs. Stone.

HORACE GREELEY AND THE GREGORY GULCH HOAX

By Gene Sperry

"Go west, young man," one of the most widely known phrases to live on because of the mighty surge of gold seekers in the middle eighteen hundreds, was first written by Horace Greeley after a personal visit to Denver and vicinity. Little did this well educated journalist realize that the basis of his enthusiasm for the west was based on a hoax.

At the time of the **New York Tribune** newsman's visit, Gregory Gulch was considered one of the richest and most important gold strikes near Denver. He was determined to find some of this fabulous stuff himself and made plans to set out for the gulch one day.

Greeley had been feted and honored as became a man of his importance, and the leading business men realized that he could furnish them with a great deal of free publicity if he realized the potentialities of the area. Hurriedly they got together and decided to make sure he found what he was looking for so earnestly. They knew the richness of the Gulch and it was not actually in an attempt to deceive that they agreed to "salt" a mine. To them it was merely adding proof to what they already knew.

Using an old shot-gun one of the miners fired the gun, filled with gold, repeatedly into an old mine hole.

Bright and early one morning the newspaperman started out for the gold field accompanied by several Denver gentlemen. Along the way he was entertained with stories of the history of the country and shown specimens of pure gold. Afire with the familiar fever, Mr. Greeley arrived at the busy gulch. Immediately he asked for a pick, shovel and pan. Following directions carefully the black-suited newsman crowed with delight when the bottom of his pan showed the bright yellow metal of gold. The almost snickering business men urged him on until a blister dimmed the tenderfoot's enthusiasm.

"Gentlemen," Greeley declared as he hefted the poke of gold dust, "the news of your rich discovery will go to everyone who reads my paper."

Horace Greeley was as good as his spoken word. Upon his arrival in New York, his paper not only told of the Colorado gold strike but continued to urge all young men to go west, where opportunities were unlimited. Never a word of the "salting" reached his ears and he went to his grave ignorant that he was the victim of a western hoax.

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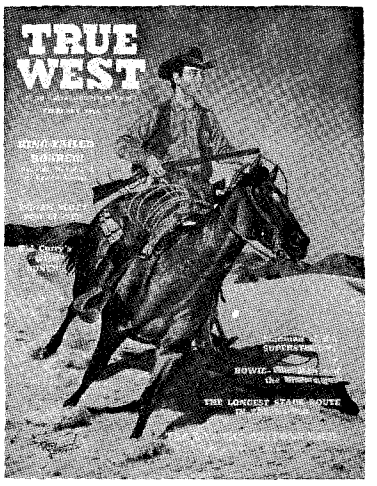

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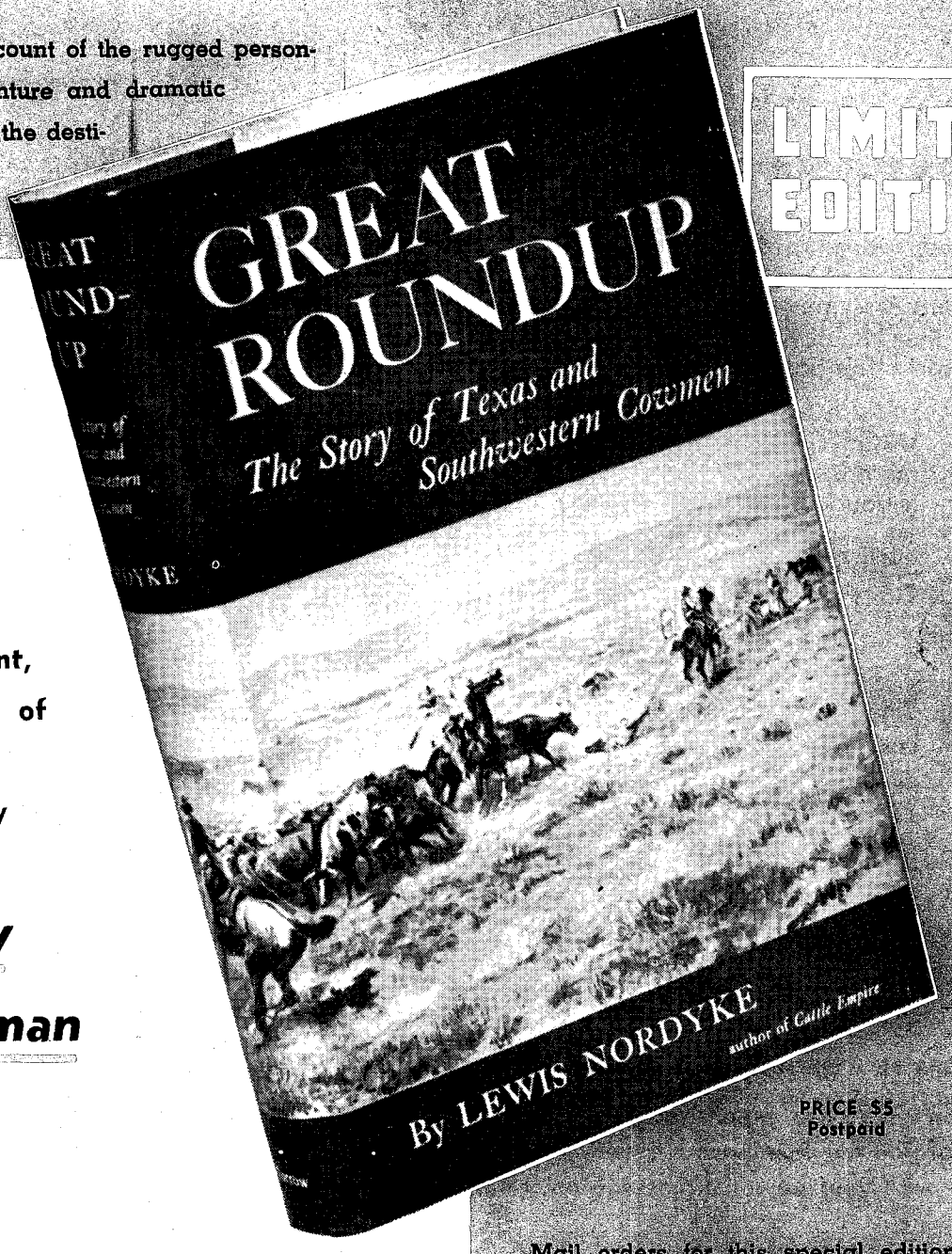

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